

1668
SIR SALOMON;

OR, THE

Syn. 6. 68. 73.

Cautious Corcomb,

A

COMEDY.

ACTED

By Their Majesties Servants.

1695 By Mr. CARYL.

3096
1697 LONDON.

Printed for H. Herringman, and Sold by
Jacob Tonson, at the Judges-Head
in St. Dunstons Lane near Fleetstreet. 1697

77-13-47

SIR SALOMON

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Cautious

COMEDY

A

By John...

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PROLOGUE.

YOU, that frequent the Stage, must needs allow
The Sect of Poets their Fanaticks too :
How could so many else their Gifts impart
In spite of Nature, and in scorn of Art ?

All tedious Methods we cut short, and grow
Poets and Saints, by thinking, we are so :
A strong Faith does the business, and the place
Of Wit supplies in those, in these of Grace.

Their Muse, and Spirit differ but in Name ;
With equal Rage, all, but themselves, they damn :
When either carries on the Work o'th' Day,
'Tis a Stage-Sermon, or a Pulpit-Play :
Both Trade in Lofty-Sounds, and can Dispense
With the Formalities of Wit and Sense.

The Stats at their Nativity did Reign
With a Malignant Influence o're the Brain,
Leaving it dry and shrunk, as Marrow-Bone,
Or Shell-fish dwindled in a waning-Moon :
And therefore our Fore-Fathers wisely said,
A perfect Poet was born such, not made.

Nor is our Saint less Privileg'd by Birth ;
For though some Virtuosi may hold forth,
That Eggs, when first they drop, are not laid addle,
Yet both our Twins came Gifted from the Cradle.
Their Brains are stumm'd, and in a constant Huff
And what works out, is Froth, and Humming-Stuff.

But, we allow, these Insects are not bred
Always from Wind, and Hollownes i'th' Head ;
Sometimes, an empty-stomach does infuse
The Canting-spirit, and the scribbling-Muse :
And thus some sharply Write for a Third Day,
And some for Sundays-Pudding Preach, and Pray.
But, when we Preachers name, those who condemn
The Laws, we mean, and whom the Laws condemn :
And, when we talk of Poets, only they
Of his low Form are meant, who vamp'd this Play ;
Which wants of Gyant-Wit the brawny-strength,
And is but Punchinello, drawn at length.

The Persons.

Sir *Salomon Single.*

Mr. *Single*, his Son.

Mr. *Woodland.*

Mr. *Peregreen*, his Son.

Mr. *Wary.*

Mr. *Barter*, an *Indian-Merchant.*

Sir *Arthur Addle.*

Mrs. *Julia*, Daughter to *Wary.*

Mrs. *Betty*, Daughter to *Barter.*

Timothy, Sir *Salomon's* Steward.

Ralph, } *Servants of Sir Salomon, and Atten-*
Alice, } *dants on Mrs. Betty.*

Two Footboys, Constable and Watch.

Roger, *Wary's Man.*

Harry, *Woodland's Man.*

A Nurse.

The Scene *L O N D O N.*

Sir Salomon ;

OR, THE

CAUTIOUS COXCOMB.

A

COMEDY.

The First Act.

Enter Sir Salomon Single, and Timothy his Servant.

Sir Salom. **T**imothy.

Timot. Sir.

Sir Salo. Are the Writings Ingross'd, and ready for Sealing ?

Timot. Yes Sir ; just now I saw the Wax clapt on.

Sir Salo. 'Tis well. But prethee tell me, What said my Lawyer to this settlement of my Estate ?

Timot. In troth I fear your Worship will be displeas'd, should I tell you his sense of it.

Sir Salo. No, no : I love to hear Fools spend their Grave Fopperies : 'Tis the divertisement of my life to laugh at their Folly.

Timot. Truly, Sir, he seems to be of opinion, That your Settlement is not good in Law.

Sir Salo. How ? not good in Law ? that's pleasant ; when he himself drew up the Writings.

Timot. The defect lies not in them (I only speak his words) but in your Worship : For (says he) it will be strongly presum'd, That whenever you Seal such a Conveyance, you are not *Compos Mentis* (you understand me, Sir :) It being impossible, that any Man in his right Senses should throw away his whole Fortune upon an unknown Woman ;

who, by all signs and tokens will be deem'd no better than your Concubine; and at the same time disinherit an only Son, who has so fair an esteem in the World.

Sir Salo. Let the Fool please himself with his scrupulous Fancies. *Timothy*, there was a necessity of this Fellow's Suspicion and Wonder: For, had I nam'd her in the Deed, as my Wife, and express'd a consideration of Marriage, my whole design might have taken vent, and so miscarri'd: For 'twere unreasonable to expect, that a Lawyer, whose Trade is Talking, should keep silence: And should my cast-off Son have smelt the design, his Wants and Despair would have left no Stone unmov'd to disappoint it. Besides, in settling my Estate on her, I run no hazard of prejudicing my self; For when I seal the Writings, I'll Seal her too for my Wife; And then, if we have Children——

Timot. That is, when your Worship has Seal'd and she's Deliver'd——

Sir Salo. No quibbling, good *Timothy*——Then, I say, who but they should Inherit my Estate: If we have none; at least my Rebel Son is out o' doors, and she, who has my Heart, has my Estate.

Timot. I must confess, the secret Conduct of this design is very admirable; For, Sir, I think, she her self, who to Morrow must be your Lady, is hitherto no less kept in Ignorance both of your Name and Quality, than all the rest of your nearest Servants and Relations are of her Person, and your resolution to Marry her.

Sir Salo. O *Timothy*! The Art of Secresie is the Secret of the World. 'Tis the Rudder that silently governs the whole Bulk of Human Affairs, A Secret well kept, like Powder close ramm'd, does certain execution, whenever you give Fire with a just aim. Therefore have I kept and educated this tender Virgin in so private and remote a quarter of the Town; Therefore have I disguis'd my Person under a borrow'd name to her, and those Servants I plac'd about her, that it should not be in the power of any body to acquaint the World with my Design.

Timot. But (with your Worship's leave) I am afraid the World will judge hardly of you, for abandoning thus your only Son, and making him an utter stranger to your Blood and Estate.

Sir Salo. The World's an Ass, and so is doubly he Who incommodes himself to humour fools.

Timot. But, Nature, Sir——

Sir Salo. Nature! What's that? 'Tis the blind side of our Reason; the soft place in our Souls. Children owe all to Parents, but there lies no Obligation on the Parents side: or, if there did, when Sons Rebellious prove, those Bonds are Cancell'd.

Timot. I must not doubt your Justice; But, Sir, 'tis your misfortune to treat him ill, of whom the World speaks well.

Sir Salom. Who Courts Opinion, is a Slave to Slaves; And gives up Liberty and Happiness To be controul'd by every idle Breath. Let my young Master cram himself and swell With the World's empty Praise;

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'Twill do him [just as much good, as the vain Reproaches of loose Tongues will do me hurt.

Timothy, call in all my Servants; for now I intend to publish my Wedding, that they May accordingly know their duty.

[*Timothy whistles.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Servant*. Sir, my young Master came this Morning ———

Sir *Salom.* } Slave! your young Master? Am I grown old?
laying his Man } Or have you any Matter but my self?
over the Pate. } All you that eat my Bread, this warning take,

That he, who was my Son, is no more so:

And, Who dares own the Person I discard?

In place of him I will a Virgin bring,

Vertuous and young, under my Roof to Morrow,

To be your Mistress, and my Wife:

For whose Reception you must all prepare,

Each in his Office ——— Now you may withdraw.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Mr. Wary, and his Man Roger.

My Friend and Neighbour, Mr. *Wary*!

Wary. Sir *Salomon Single*; most happily met!

Sir *Salo.* You are the very Person I wish'd for; for I have a business of Consequence, which I long to communicate with you.

Wary. Then, Sir, we meet upon even terms; for 'tis a matter of no small moment, which brought me hither to find you out.

Sir *Salo.* Mutual satisfaction is a double Joy ——— *Timothy*, follow your Orders, and prepare every thing as I directed.

Timot. But, Sir, as to the ——— [He offers to whisper.

Sir *Salo.* Mr. *Wary*, I beg your leave to give a short dispatcht in a word or two to my Steward.

Wary. Pray use your freedom. [Sir *Salo.* and *Timothy* whisper.

Roger, you may now go about your business; for, (as I told you) I have discover'd a secret Traffick of Love between my Daughter and this Knights Son: And now must I take my kew from him; and by feeling his Pulse and Temper, fashion my Countenance accordingly on the Proceeding of our young Lovers. If the Father will own his Son in the Match, I have my wishes in having so rich an Heir for my Son in Law. But, if he, who has the Means and Power in his Hands, prove Resty, my young Gallant must be thuck off ———

Sir *Salo.* Now, Mr. *Wary*, I am at your Service.

[*Exeunt Timothy and Roger.*

Wary. Faith, Sir, my Business with you is the old business of Man-kind; Love and Matrimony: For, to tell you truly, though the

Matter has been closely carry'd, yet I have smelt out the Rat.

Sir *Salo.* I protest, Sir, y^e are a Man of quick sense, and rare intelligence : For, I thought it impossible, that you, or any Man living could have known it so soon.

Wary. We have all quick Eyes in things that concern us. Well, Sir, since you need not my instruction in this business, pray deal freely with me : How does it relish with you ?

Sir *Salo.* A pleasant question ! Sure I am not so much a fool, as to make that my choice which I dislike.

Wary. Was it then your choice ? Let me embrace my dear Sir *Salo.*
mon. [He embraces him.]

Sir *Salo.* You amaze me (Sir) with this excess of kindness : Pray, is she any kin to you ?

Wary. I'm foully deceiv'd if she be not. I see you are merry (Sir) to ask such questions.

Sir *Salo.* Sure the Man is frantick ! [Apart.]

Wary. But, Sir, (Drollery apart) let's come seriously to the business. First, I assure you, she shall not want a fortune answerable to your Estate and Family ; Provided, That you make Settlements for Jointure, Maintenance, and other matters proportionably.

Sir *Salo.* What is't you say ? Shall she not want a Portion equal to my Condition and Fortune ? This is an extravagance of Kindness too mighty for my Faith ! she only wanted a Fortune : For in all other Attractives she answers my expectation (which is no common one.) But, pray Sir, satisfy me a little, how long y^e have known her, and how near she is related to you.

Wary. Can any Man in his right Wits seriously ask such questions ? Is she not my Daughter ?

Sir *Salo.* Ha ? Your Daughter ? ——— Have I all this while rear'd up a Bastard-Slip of his to graft upon ? [Apart.]

Wary. Sir *Salomon* ! What's the matter ? Have I said any thing to give you disturbance ?

Sir *Salo.* Pray, Sir, Was she begot in lawful Wedlock ?

Wary. Ha ! What time of the Moon is this ? ———

Sir *Salo.* I knew her to be poor, and I thought her Fatherless ; And I lik'd her the better : But with all this, to Marry a Bastard, is too much. [Apart.]

Wary. The Man is certainly distracted. ——— Sir, I perceive you are not well ; Shall I call some of your People to you ? [Apart.]

Sir *Salo.* Pray, Sir, only satisfy me in these two short Questions ; Where does this Daughter of yours live ? And when did you see her last ?

Wary. Where should she live but in my House ? And I saw her within this half hour.

Sir *Salo.* Say you so ? Then, Sir, let me advise you to go home, and the first thing you do, call a Doctor ; for, take it from me, your condition is desperate. This is the last degree of Madness ! For, to my
 certain

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certain knowledge, you have not seen this Woman, whom you call Daughter, this two years.

Wary. In troth, Sir *Salomon*, it grieves my heart, that you are not in a condition to be discours'd withal; if you were, I could bring your Son, your own Flesh and Blood to convince you, that this very Morning he saw her in my House, spoke to her there, and, what is more, (I think) made Love to her.

Sir Salo. My Son?—In what a Labrinth of Mistakes have we wandred all this while? And was it his, and your Daughters blind Bargains, that you came to break my head withal? [*Apart.*]

Wary. Had it not been crackt before, 'twould ne're have been broken now.—Pray do me the Favour to give me some private Mark, whereby I may know when I am to believe you: For, did you not tell me just now, that you relish'd this Match as your own Choice?

Sir Salo. Still run Counter? Pray take up, and (if it be possible) let's fall upon the right Sent. You talk of your Daughter, and her Gallant, don't you?

Wary. What else, Sir?

Sir Salo. And all this while my Discourse has been of my own Affections: For, to morrow I resolve to be a Married Man.

Wary. You a Marry'd Man! Was this the Mistry? Well, Sir, you have remov'd my mistake; but, you have plant'd wonder in the room on't, much greater than it.

Sir Salo. Why shou'd you wonder? I see you are of your Daughters and her Lover's Party, and sorry their Sport is disappointed.

Wary. Alas, Sir, you misapprehend me every way. I only came to inform you of it; and to take my own measures from your liking or disliking of it; both which are indifferent to me.

Sir Salo. I thought the World had not been ignorant of my resolutions concerning that Prodigal and Rebel of my House, whom you call my Son: He shall have no more share in my Estate, than he has in my Affections; and those he has utterly forfeited. But, if you think it expedient to take the out-cast of my Family into yours, you may use your discretion.

Wary. Fear it not, Sir; I shall not purchase your ill-will so much to loss. But, (pray) are you resolv'd so suddenly to thrust your Reverend head into the old Noose of Wedlock?

Sir Salom. To morrow's the day. *Facta est alea.*

Wary. Faith, Sir, I think your undertaking as bold as his, who first said so; but, (I fear) not so fortunate. Yave a dangerous Rubicon to pass over. Have you thought well upon't? For, in my judgment, to Morrow is both too soon, and too late for you to accomplish such a resolution.

Sir Salo. You perhaps (like the rest of the World) judging others by their own scantling) may have reason for this Caution: But (thanks to the bounty of Nature) under these Ashes there wants no Fire; Nor is the Oyl half spent in the Lamp.

VVary. You say very well: But, I have found by experience, there are two sorts of People in the World mightily given in their several ways to boast of their Valour, and both with cause alike; Cowards and Old Men. We two, (you know) started into the World almost together; and our eight and Fifty years a piece are now run off: For my own part, I should think it an *excess* of rashness in my self, if, after so long a Race, I should still presume so much upon my strength, as to venture at the dangerous Leap of Matrimony.

Sir *Sal.* I grant ye, That some Men may be old at Thirty, and others young at Threescore; and what is my Physick, may be your Poyson: and there's an end of this Dispute.

VVary. But have you forgot, how severe a Critick y've always been upon the Disasters of poor Husbands? Now, should the Person you Marry, not think you so young, as you think your self, are you not afraid of Circular Justice, of scurvy Ballads and Lampoons?

Sir *Sal.* Had I been guilty of the Folly of other Husbands, in the Choice of their Wives, I might then have fear'd, and deserv'd their Fate;

But I grown wise at the expence of others,
Have chose a piece of Native Innocence,
Unfily'd by the World's corrupting Air;
Whose Beauty, and whose Vertues void of Art:
Her have I rear'd, and fitted for my use,
And taught her all the Duties of a Wife:
Like Virgin-wax, she wears no other Stamp,
But what my own Instructions have impress.
Then judge, how happy and secure I am.

VVary. Pray, Sir, what lucky Star directed you to the discovery of this Treasure?

Sir *Sal.* That (Sir) I owe to Fortune: For in a Country Farm I first saw her, and read it in her looks, that Heaven had not design'd her for that place: And being informed she was a Merchants Daughter, who had miscarry'd at Sea, and before his Voyage had put her to Nurse there, I easily prevailed with the Old Woman of the House, who was my Tenant, to resign her Charge to me. I took her, as a Present sent from Heaven, to make the rest of my days comfortable and happy. For Two years together I have train'd her up my self, making it my business to preserve her in her primitive innocence and simplicity: And, lest the contagion of ill Company should infect the original candor of her nature with the least tincture of Malice, I have plac'd Two Servants about her, the honestest and simplest I could find out.

VVary. But how will so much simplicity be a Match for the wisdom of Sir *Salomon*? Can such extreames meet with delight?

Sir *Sal.* I pity your ignorance; search the Records of Time, and by all Examples, old and modern, you shall still find it true, that wit in Woman is the Bawd of Vice:

Who of the Sex had ever fame of Wit,
That was not famous so the other way?

Wary. Fy, Sir *Salomon*; y'are too Satyrical; and too singular in your Judgment. For my part, were I to chuse a Wife (be she honest or be she otherwife) I say, let her have Wit; for that will either protect her Honesty or conceal her Frailty.

Sir *Salo.* Well, Sir, I have no time at present to prosecute this Argument, and make you sensible of the folly and danger of your Principles; Only, as a friend, I must advise you to have a care of your Daughter; for she, I hear, is a Wit.

Wary. I thank you, Sir: And (to return your kindness) let me counsel you to look well to your Wife; for, by your own Confession, she wants Wit to look to her self.

Sir *Salo.* 'Tis my Maxim so to do; and should be yours: In order to your Conversion, pray come to Morrow to my Wedding: Perhaps Example may be more prevalent with you than Precept. However, I have done a Friends part: And after all, if a mischance should happen in your Family, there is a Saying, That the Disaster of Fools, does reward the Circumspection of the Wise.

Wary. I'll not fail you at your Wedding-Dinner: And to requite your Proverb, take heed, lest to Morrow it prove true, That Fools make Feasts, and Wise-men eat 'em. Farewel.

Sir *Salo.* Farewel.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Mr. Single and Julia.

Single. Ah, Madam! How can I hope, That you would be constant in your love to him, to whom Fortune is so constant in her hatred?

Julia. I shall not make the Injustice of Fortune my President: But what I have often told you, I now repeat; nothing but your jealous humour has the power to make me inconstant.

Single. 'Tis of my Stars and of my Destiny,
That I am jealous (Madam) not of you.
When with a Father all the World conspires
To cast me down; What Vertue is so firm,
As to support a Man so weakly built,
So potently assaulted?

Julia. This very Doubt is more unjust to me,
Than all your Father's Cruelty to you.
Your want of Means and Friends
My love can pardon, and (perhaps) supply;
But your Mistrusts I never will forgive.
These early Mists upon our Morning Love,
Shew that a Stormy day will follow.

Single. Madam, these little Mists before my Eyes
Are but the smoke which from Loves fire do's rise:

Nor can your Reason that calm Lover chuse,
Who, what he loves, is not concern'd to loose.

Julia. Rather than him with furious doubts possess,
Who (still alarm'd) gives and takes no rest.

Single. Unjealous Love is a degenerate thing,
A feeble lazy Drone without a Sting;
Nor is it glorious such tame Herds to sway;
The generous Lyon must your Will obey.

Julia. Brave Subjects! Prostrate at my feet they lye
To day, to morrow in my face they fly.

Single. Love and Rebellion inconstant are;
But, Madam, let's compose this amorous War,
Which swells the number of your Victories,
Making your Wit as conquering as your Eyes.

Enter Mr. Wary.

Wary. Mr. *Single*, well met. — Nay, be not startled, I am now
glad to see you, and to see you in the company of my Daughter.

Single. Sir, you surprize me with a happiness unlook'd for, in this un-
usual kindness of your expressions —

Wary. Hold, Sir, I would not have you disappointed in your ex-
pectation, by promising your self too much. My desire of seeing you
now was to let you know, in her hearing, That I have taken notice of
your late frequent resort to my House: And, though according to my
inclination, my doors should never be shut to a Person of your merit,
yet (as matters stand) you must excuse me, if I prefer the Interest of
a Child before the Concern of an Acquaintance. Sir, to be short, I
know your constant Visits imply your Addresses to my Daughter: And,
since your Father is resolv'd to make you a stranger to his Estate, I
must entreat you henceforth to be a stranger to my House; for (to
deal freely with you) no Deserts (though never so great) attended
with Poverty, can satisfy the care of a Parent in the disposal of his
Daughter.

Single. Ah Sir! will you be my Father's Second in his unjust Cru-
elties towards me?

Wary. Sir, I will have no Argument in this case; nor put a Father's
Right into dispute. Farewel. Daughter, I desire your Company.

Exeunt Wary and Julia.

Single. Fortune! thy Malice is so spent on me,
That thou hast now disarm'd thy Cruelty:
But I forgive thee, thou (alas) art blind,
Since Nature, that has Eyes, proves more unkind:
Of Foreign wrongs can I resent the smart,
Destroy'd by him, of whom I am a part?
If he, that made, and should preserve me too,
His work undoes, what may not Strangers do?

Enter

Enter Sir Arthur Addel.

Sir Art. Add. Dear Mr. *Single*! have I met you at last? I vow, it has cost me five good shillings in Coach-hire to find you out.

Single. Pray leave me; I am not at leisure.

Sir Art. Add. Leave my dear *Single*? Not for a World.

Single. Pray, Sir, forbear: I tell you, I am busie.

Sir Art. Add. Busie? so much the better: Of all Men living, I love business, and hate Idle Fellows.

Single. Sir, if you will not release me, I shall be forc'd to make my escape.

Sir Art. Add. What? fly from thy Friend? sure, some Melancholy Devil does possess thee.

Single. No, Sir, I am not possess'd, but I find I am haunted. Pray, let me beg it of you, as a kindness, or an Alms, That you will leave me to my self, and my occasions, which at this present cannot possibly admit of your Company.

Sir Art. Add. No, Sir, no, I see you are in trouble, and I must not forsake my Friend in Adversity.

Sing. apart. My Stars have condemn'd me to all sorts of Persecution!

Sir A. Ad. Besides, I must propose to you a business of weighty consequence, in which you must needs do me a kindness.—— I see, you don't mind me. What are you thinking on? Unbosome your self to a Friend.

Single. 'Faith I am thinking that the greatest Plague of Egypt was that of Flies and Gnats buzzing about their Ears.

Sir A. Ad. Egypt! Good Lord! How your thoughts ramble? Well, I must put you out of this Fit of the Spleen. Come, prethee, let's go dine at *Chateline's*; and there I'll tell you my whole business.

Single. O, no, Sir, I'll rather compound with you, and hear it now, provided I may be quickly releas'd.

Sir A. Ad. Nay, as for brevity and quickness of dispatch, there's no Man upon the face of the Earth that loves it like me: 'Tis my Mistress. I hate your prolix Fellows: Long speeches are Death to me: And that's the reason why I never hear a Sermon, nor a Presbyterian-Grace, nor a French-Tragedy, nor a——

Single. Hold, hold: Pray make your words good; and be not so long in the commendation of Brevity.

Sir A. Ad. Why, then to the Point. There is a certain Lady in this Town, with whom I am desperately and damnably in Love; and I want a good opportunity to tell her so. For (look ye) I take a business of this nature to be half done, when 'tis well propos'd. You (Mr. *Single*) are the only proper Person for me to employ in this Treaty; And, if you succeed in it, Sir Arthur Addel is yours for ever.

Single. Well, What's her Name?

Sir A. Ad. *Julia*; the fair Daughter of old *Wary*.

Single? Ha! *Julia?* What a storm he has rais'd in my Blood? But *apart.* } the Fool is below my Jealousie and Repentment.

Sir A. Ad. Nay, prethee, dear *Single*, don't relapse into thy Melancholy Fir.

Single. No, Sir, I am only studying your Case: For (to deal friendly with you) there is much for you to consider in the business, which you take in hand; To my certain knowledge, there are at least a dozen Pretenders (all Men of the Sword) to that Ladies favour: And, before you can have admittance to the place of a Suitor, you must dispute your entrance with every one of these; And that (you know) will be a long and hazardous work.

Sir A. Ad. Are there so many of them, say you? Why then they may have Fighting work enough amongst themselves, and let others alone: Pox take 'em all, my business is not with them, but with the Woman.

Single. But Lovers, Sir *Arthur*, are (like *Argur*) all Eyes: And you can no more conceal your self to 'em, than walk invisible at Noon day.

Sir A. Ad. Now, is not this a damnable Custom, That a Man can no sooner love a pretty Woman, but he must presently be quarrelling and fighting with all that come near him. I wonder how the Devil they can do't; For I can't be in Love and in Wroth too, all at once, for the heart of me.

Single. Were all the World of your benigne temper, I confess we should enjoy the Blessings of Peace. But, Sir *Arthur*, as the case now stands, What is it you wou'd have done?

Sir A. Ad. Ha?

Single. Consider, consider——This Fool well manag'd may prove useful to me.

Sir A. Ad. 'Faith e'ne let her go. What shall a Man be the better for a Mistress when his Throat is cut?

Single. How? let her go, by no means, Sir. It shall never be read in Chronicle, That Sir *Arthur Addel* (my renowned Friend) baw'd a Mistress for fear of Rivals. Come, Sir, you shall trust your Love and your Reputation in my hands; And all my Rhetorick shall serve you with your Mistress, and my Sword, against your Rivals.

Sir A. Ad. Dear *Single*, let me hug thee and kiss thee. I vow now, I could be as kind to thee as to my Mistress. [Embracing *Single*.

Single. O, pray Sir, reserve your tendernefs for her.

Sir Art. Ran, tan, tan. You and I, Mr. *Single*, will Fight the proud-est of 'em all: Nay, when I have a good second o'my side, I can be as Valiant as my betters.

Single. Why now, Sir *Arthur*, you speak like a Wight that wears not his Knighthood in vain. What a blemish had you cast upon the whole Order, if you had tamely suffer'd your Mistress to be snatch'd from you by Rivals.

Sir Art. They snatch her from me? They shall eat her as soon. O! that I had but one of those Rivals here now! First would I make him beg his Life, and then kill him.

Single.

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Single. Brave Sir *Arthur* ! Now your Courage, like a Lyon rows'd from sleep, stretches out and begins to roar : But you must have a great care to moderate this excess of Rage in the presence of your Mistress : For before her you must be a Lamb.

Sir Art. Why, there's the Devil on't again : I tell you, I shall never make both at once, a good Lyon, and a good Lamb too.

Single. I warrant you, 'tis but giving your mind to't—— And, to lose no time (for Lovers, I know, are in haste) you shall presently go about the Work ; and, in the first place ask her Father's consent, who can never refuse a Man of your Parts and Estate. When this is done, I'll deliver you a Letter of Commendation for the young Lady, which you must put into her hands with all privacy and circumspection : For, secrecy in Love is as necessary as in Cabinet Counsels.

Sir Art. I know that as well as you.

Enter Peregreen Woodland.

Sir Art. Pox o' this troublesome Fellow, that comes to disturb us now. Methinks he has the Countenance of a Rival. My fingers Itch to be at him.

Single. No, no.

Pereg. Dear *Single* !

Single. *Peregreen Woodland* ! Y^e are the most unlook't for Person, and the most welcome to me in the World. I firmly believ'd that you had been now in *Italy*.

Pereg. Two Months ago I was there ; And 'tis much against my inclination, that I am not there now : But, Fathers must be ob'y'd.

Single. How long have you been in *England* ?

Pereg. Some Ten days ; All which time I have made it my business to find you out ; and now I owe that to Fortune, which I could not compass by my Industry.

Single. Assure your self, That nothing but my Ignorance of your being come over, could have depriv'd me so long of your Company.

Pereg. I have a Letter here for your Father from mine ; it contains business of importance, at least to me : For, it gives me credit for some Money, which my occasions at present stand in need of.

Single. Though I cannot introduce you to him for some reasons which I shall tell you hereafter, yet I'll direct you to a speedy sight of him : But first I must of necessity have an hours discourse with you.

Pereg. With all my heart ; and let it be over a Glass of Wine.

Single. Agreed. But before we go, I must needs make you happy in the knowledge of the incomparable Sir *Arthur Addel*. I can assure you, he is a Rarity, which perhaps all your Travels cannot Match.

Pereg. I know so fair a Supercription must needs be extraordinary in the Contents.

Sir Arth. Sir, for Mr. *Single*'s sake you may Command me.

Sir *SALOMON*; Or,

Single. Well, Sir *Arthur*, you must not neglect your business: When y'ave dealt with the Father, give me notice of it; and let me alone with the Daughter: You may reckon her your own.

Sir Art. As sure as Chick in Pouch, or Lowse in Bosome. My Flames are raging, and who dares oppose 'em? They soon shall thaw her Heart, though ne're so icy; Like *Julius Caesar*, *veni, vidi, vici*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The Second Act.

Enter Sir Salomon and Timothy.

Sir Salo. **N**OW *Timothy*, I have fully instructed you in all particulars. You may therefore go back to my own Lodgings: Be sure you forget not the License and the Parson.

Timo. I warrant you, Sir, but may I not have the happiness now to see my young Lady that must be to Morrow.

Sir Salo. No, *Timothy*; 'Tis enough for the first time, that I acquaint you with the Lodging where she lies. Time is precious, and not to be spent in seeing Sights: Away, make hast.

[*Exit Timothy.*]

Sir Salomon knocks at Mrs. Betty's Lodging.

Alice from within. Who's at Door there?

Ralph looking out from the Balcony. Gods so, 'tis Master.

Alice. What? our new Master that gave us Money?

Ralph. No, no, our old Master *Evans* that never gave us a farthing. Why don't you open the door?

Alice. An't be he, E'en open it your self: I am busie.

Ralph. Are you so? why then so am I too.

Sir Salo. Sure they must needs hear me knock, for I can hear them gabble: Ho; Whose within there?

Ralph speaks at the Balcony.

Ralph. Sir, this Slut *Alice* won't open the door.

Alice. Sir, this lazy Rogue *Ralph* won't let you in.

Sir Salo. Precious Coxcombs; Open the Door quickly, or I'll make you both fast this se'night from Beef and Pudding.

[*They both Tumble down the stairs to the Door.*]

Alice. Stand off; I'll open it.

Ralph.

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Ralph. You open it? You shall be hang'd first.

[They break out at the Door together.]

Alice. 'Tis I (Sir) that let you in.

[Ralph lifts up his hand to strike Alice, and in so doing bits off his Masters Hat.]

Ralph. You lie: Were it not in respect to Master Evan's Worship—

Sir Salo. Unmannerly Whelp!

Ralph. Cry you mercy (Sir) 'twas she was the cause on't.

Alice. Was it so? because I open'd the door first.

Sir Salo. Peace, both of you; Will you never arrive to common Sence? Let no body speak till I bid them—*Ralph*, come hither: What has your Mistress done since I saw her last?

[Ralph claps on his Hat three times, and his Master pulls it off as often.]

Ralph. Why, Sir, my Mistress——my Mistress——God be thanked——

Sir Salo. Rude Raskal! Who taught you to speak to me with your at on.

Ralph. Indeed your Worship has reason; I had forgot my self.

Sir Salo. Go, call her down presently. *Exit Ralph.*

Well, *Alice*, and was my *Betty* much troubled for my Absence?

Alice. Troubled? No.

Sir Salo. No?

Alice. O, yes Sir; now I think on't, she was troubled.

Enter Mrs. Betty, with her Work in her hand, and Ralph.

Sir Salo. Why, this is now as it should be; with thy Work in thy hand: Pretty Rogue; What art thou making there?

Mrs. Betty. A Quoif and a Pinner, Sir. I have made an end of your Shirts and your Night-Caps.

Sir Salo. That's very well: For Idleness, *Betty*, is the Mother of all Evil; Come, give thy Work to *Alice*, for thou and I must talk together. *Ralph*, fetch me out a Chair. And, Art thou grown perfect in thy Catechism?

Mrs. Betty. Yes, Sir, I can say it all without Book.

[Ralph brings in a Chair, and he and Alice go forth.]

Sir Salo. You two go in and leave us alone——But, *Betty*, 'tis not enough to say it by Rote, you must print it in your Heart; and make it your daily study and exercise; thereby to govern all the actions of your Life.

[Sir Salomon sits down in the Chair.]

Petty, come nearer me——hold up thy head a little more——So——Turn your Body a little this way——That's well: And whilst I talk to thee look up in my face——That's very well: Now, *Betty*, I must examine you a little, to see how you have profited in your Catechism; First tell me, What you were made for?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Betty*. To be your Wife, forsooth.

Sir *Sal*. And what's the Duty of a Wife?

Mrs. *Betty*. To honour and obey her Husband, and love no Man but him.

Sir *Sal*. Now, What are the particular duties which I expect from her who is to be my Wife?

Mrs. *Betty*. First to watch and observe all the motions of your Eyes and Countenance, and accordingly to stand, go, run, sit still, speak, or be silent: Secondly, To detest and abhor going to *Court*, *Hide-Park*, *Mulberry Garden*, or the *Play-Houses*. Thirdly, To Visit, and be visited by none of a remoter degree, than an Uncle or an Aunt; Fourthly, To write and receive no Letters, to accept and give no Presents, but such as you see and allow of: Lastly, To warm Napkins, make Cawdles, dress Illues, give Clysters, and the like; still remembering, That the office of a Nurse inseparably belongs to the duty of your Wife.

Sir *Sal*. Incomparable Girl! Thou hast answered to admiration in all things concerning the vertues of a Wife: Now tell me, What, and how many are the deadly sins which she ought carefully to avoid?

Mrs. *Betty*. They are Seven.

Sir *Sal*. Which is the First?

Mrs. *Betty*. Pride: For a Woman that thinks too well of her self, is apt to think better of another Man than she does of her Husband.

Sir *Sal*. Very well. What's the Second?

Mrs. *Betty*. Covetousness: For she that loves Money overmuch, will first pick her Husband's Pockets, and at last be bought and sold her self.

Sir *Sal*. That's right: Now the Third.

Mrs. *Betty*. Letchery, ——— Pray, Sir, What's that? For you have no Annotations upon it in all your Catechism.

Sir *Sal*. Pretty Simplicity! O, *Betty*, That's a very Paw-thing, and must not so much as be thought on; proceed to the Fourth.

Mrs. *Betty*. Anger: For Anger breeds Revenge; and a Wife's Revenge commonly lights upon the Husband's Head, and leaves dreadful marks behind.

Sir *Sal*. The Fifth?

Mrs. *Betty*. Gluttony: For the Woman that feeds high, requires more exercise than is to be had within doors: And modest Wives should seldom range abroad.

Sir *Sal*. Admirable well: I see thou art so perfect in thy Lesson, that I may spare my self and thee the Labour of a farther examination. Well, *Betty*, thou art my Master-piece; and shortly I intend to set thee forth as an exact Model and Pattern to the World (which too much needs it) of a perfect, obedient Wife: In the mean time we must repair to our several Tasks, and prepare our selves, Thou to be happy, I to make thee so.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter

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Enter Mr. Wary, Julia, and Roger.

Mr. Wary. Daughter, I had rather your own Reason than my Justice in punishing you, should make you sensible, how heinous the Crime of Rebellion is in a Child to a Parent; Have you not a fresh Example before your Eyes, in your Beggardly Gallant, turn'd out of Doors, and ejected from all Title and Claim, which Nature gave him to a fair Inheritance? and now become a meer Vagabond in the wide World? you know it lies in my power to do what his Father has done; I can Marry again, and bring a second Brood into the World to possess that Fortune which you undeserve: And if you persist in your obstinate passion for this Indigent Lover, I am resolv'd you shall e'en meet him upon equal terms.

Julia. Sir, I confess all is in your power; and, as I need not be brib'd by the hopes of a plentiful fortune to do my duty, so 'tis in vain by frights and terrors to exact that from me, which lies not in my power to perform; the example in Sir *Salomon's* Family is so odious a President of Tyranny in the Eyes of the whole World, that I am sure you can never make it your Pattern. And, Sir, give me leave, for your satisfaction and mine, to make you this solemn protestation, That I never will Marry him whom you like not, nor him whom I love not.

Wary. Gossip, your love should follow my liking, not ramp before it.

It casts a blemish on a Virgin's name,
To own a voluntary unbid Flame.
By your dead Mother you have oft been told,
That Maiden Breasts, like Snow, are white, when cold:
But when the sultry breath of Love does blow,
All that is Dirt, which formerly was Snow.

Julia. Such passion I abhor, no less than you,
As Honour does not to our Sex allow;
But, Sir, unless by Love made soft and light,
The yoke of Marriage all the World would fright:
And if my Love in Wedlock bands be forc'd,
Alas! I am not Marry'd, but Divorc'd.

Wary. Be gone, my Reasons are but lost on thee:
For no dispute can cure Loves Heresie.

[Exit Julia.]

These young Wenches, when the toy of Love once takes them in the head, are like wild ungovern'd Colts; no Curb can hold them, no Fence can stop 'em. This obstinate Affection is so wedg'd into her mind, that there is no way to loosen it, but by driving in another.

Roger. That, Sir, may do it.

Wary. Could I but find a Fortune and a Man according to my expectation, I would then make tryal what a Father's power can do.

Enter

Enter Sir Arthur Addel with a Paper.

Sir Arthur. 'Tis he—By your leave, Sir, I have a Paper here in my Pocket, which I must beg you to peruse.

Wary. With all my heart (Sir) provided there be nothing of Petition, nor of Poetry in it.

Sir Arthur. No Fiction, I'll assure you : all the Contents are true.

Wary reads. *A true Particular of the Estate of Sir Arthur Addel Knight—* What d'ee mean by this, Sir? I am not prepared for a Purchase.

Sir Arthur apart. What a dull old Fool this is——Why (Sir) having a business of importance to Negotiate with you, this is my Letter of Recommendation.

Wary apart. It must be so : Heaven has sent him in the nick of time to woe my Daughter—— *Summa totalis 1432 l. per annum*, Truly, Sir, your Letter has a very fair Subscription : but still the meaning of the Contents is so mystical, that I know not how to answer it : Pray Sir explain.

Sir Arthur. Thus 'tis (Sir) in short : your Daughter (d'ee conceive me ;) wants a Husband, and I want a Wife (d'ee conceive me ;) Now what are we born for in this World, but to supply one anothers wants? D'ee conceive me?

Wary. I marry, (Sir) now you speak plain, and to the purpose : But this is a matter which requires deliberation.

Sir Arth. Pox on deliberation : I am in haste, and so perhaps is shetoo.

Wary. Not so fast. How do I know, that this is a true particular? And how do you know what portion I shall give with my Daughter? and how do we both know, whether she'll consent to the Bargain;

Sir Arth. Ha g Portion, and Particulars; let our Lawyers wrangle about them; I am a known Man of Land, and so are you of Money. Your business is to give me your consent, and then let me alone with your Daughter.

Wary. You speak very home : sure (*Sir Arthur*) the World has done you a great deal of wrong in representing you, as a man of Parts, much inferior to those, which I discover in you.

Sir Arth. And have you lived so long in the World, and do not know that 'tis the arrantest Lyer in nature?

Wary. Well Sir; to let you see, how little I believe it, I here give you my consent (provided this be a true particular) to Marry my Daughter; win her, and wear her.

Sir Arth. Thank you heartily, good Father *Wary*; for I reckon myself now as good, as Married : I know she can no more refuse me for a Husband, than you for a Son-in-law.

Wary. So (Sir ;) I perceive you speak the Language of our young Men of these times, who exceed all their Ancestors in their good Opinion of themselves : The business is done, if my Daughter can think but half so well of your person, as you do.

Sir Arth. I vow (Sir) I am afraid of nothing, but that she will be too fond of me: And I take it to be the worst Surfeit, that is, to be cloy'd with kindness.

Wary. If that be all your apprehension, fear nothing, I dare answer for her.

Sir Arth. See you be as good as your word: And (to lose no more time) you may presently let her know, how happy she is in my Affection: but let her know it gently, and by degrees, lest too sudden Joy suffocate her Spirits.

Wary. The danger is not great: However, she's beholding to you for your care; But (Sir *Arthur*) pray let me advise you, as a friend, to touch as little as you can upon this string, when you make your Addresses to her: For (perhaps) she's as much infected with this Self-opinion, as her neighbors; and she'll be apt to tell you, that Pride is a Vice in Men, but Virtue in a Woman.

Sir Arth. You need not tell me, what I am to say, or do; but if you will needs be tutoring, go teach your Daughter how to behave her self; for I shall return immediately in a pretenders equipage, with Drums beating, and Colours flying, and then let her expect a Charge.

Exit Sir Arthur.

Wary. Roger, To say the Truth, this *Sir Arthur's* a very shallow Knight: But 'tis no matter, he'll prove the kinder Husband.

And better 'tis (your Modern Authors say)
To rule a Fool, than a Wife Man obey.

Exit Wary and Roger

Enter Peregrine and Single.

Pereg. 'Tis not possible for me to express how deeply I resent your Father's unnatural rigor: But can it be true, that he will be Married to Morrow, and that no body should know to whom?

Single. My intelligence comes from such hands, that I am sure 'tis authentick; but, neither by my own Industry, nor the help of Spies, can I possibly learn out the Person of the Bride.

Pereg. Well, Sir, I am resolv'd to serve you in that Office my self, for I can do it with less suspicion, than any body; because your Father dreams so little of our Communication together, that he is yet ignorant of my being in *England*; and I'll use all my Art to win so far upon his Favour, and Confidence, as that I may put my self in a capacity of serving you.

Single. Sir, my Case is desperate; yet my Obligation to you will be as great, as if your endeavours were attended with success. However, your own business (I know) requires a quick dispatch with my Father: There's his Lodging; and fare you well, for I must go hunt out my simple Knight.

Pereg. But where shall we meet Two Hours hence?

Single. Where we last met, and then we'll confer Notes together.

Exit Single.

*Peregrine knocks at Sir Salomon's Lodging, and
Timothy comes forth.*

Pereg. Is Sir Salomon *Single* at home?

Timot. Pray what's your business with him?

Pereg. That's no Answer to my Question: my business (Friend) is with him, not with you: Is he within, or no?

Timot. Why, Sir, unless I may know your Business, or your Name, he is not within.

Pereg. apart. This fellow has the right huff, and grimace of a Coxcomb in office——But, Sir, when I have told you my Name, Will he then be at home?

Timot. Perhaps he may.

Pereg. Why, then (Grave Sir) be pleased to tell your Master, that my name is *Peregreen Woodland*; and that I desire to know of him, whether he be within, or no.

Timot. You shall have your your Answer presently. *Exit Timot.*

Pereg. Very well, Sir, This stiff piece of Formality deserves to be cudgell'd, were it only to make him more limber: but 'tis the nature of Fools in employment, to think such solemn rudeness to be the badge of their Office.

Enter Sir Salomon.

Sir Salom. Mr. *Peregreen*? Had I known it was you, I would have left all business, and a Mistress too, to fly into your Embraces: Your Father is the oldest acquaintance, and best friend I have in *England*: Lord! how Time runs away? I knew you no higher than this. I protest, you make me an old Man.

Pereg. Not so, Sir, I hope; since I hear you are to be Married to Morrow.

Sir Salom. How is it possible you should hear it, unless my Steward told you. But (Mr. *Peregreen*) I have nothing that I shall make a Secret of to you. 'Tis even so; and you are returned from your Travels most opportunely, to grace my Wedding. O! How glad should I be, that your Father were here too. Pray, when did you hear from him? How does he do? He is so wedded to his Estate in the Country, that his Friends in Town are quite forgot.

Pereg. I lately received a Letter from him with this inclosed; which will give you as good an account of his Health, as I can.

Sir Salom. I joy to see any thing that comes from him——

Sir Salomon reads the Letter.

Lord! What does he mean?——such ceremonious Expressions are injurious to Friendship——*Timothy.*

Timot. Sir,

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Sir Salom. Bring me Fifty pieces in Gold presently.

Pereg. I have reason to believe, that my Father may be in Town sooner than these Letters mention; for I have one from him of a fresher Date, which tells me, that an extraordinary occasion calls him hither in company of a Merchant, lately arriv'd in *England*: but what his business is, the Letter mentions not.

Sir Salom. Were it not possible that we might see him here to Day, or to Morrow? Nothing could heighten more my Nuptial Joys, than the Presence of such a Friend?

Pereg. For the precise time of his coming, I can answer nothing: But, Sir; Might I not be so happy as to kiss the hands of your fair Bride before the Ceremony of Marriage?

Sir Salom. In that (Sir) you must excuse me; This Jewel is not to be taken out of the Case, till I wear her.

Enter Timothy.

Timot. Here is the Sum you commanded me to bring.

Sir Salom. Pray (Sir) take it; and, if you have occasion for more, you may as freely Command my purse, as your Fathers.

Pereg. I humbly thank you: I have no present necessity of more — But, Mr. Steward, if you please to draw a Note of so much receiv'd —

Sir Salom. What d'ee mean, Sir? *Timothy,* Let it alone. I hope you do not imagine, that you deal with a Scrivener.

[*Exit Timothy.*]

Pereg. Sir, you are too generous.

Sir Salom. No Compliments, good Mr. *Peregreen*: Well, and How long have you been in *England*?

Pereg. Some ten days; in all which time I could not till yesterday and out your Habitation.

Sir Salom. And how does your own Country relish with you, since your experience of Foreign Parts?

Pereg. Better, than before.

Sir Salom. I rejoyce to see you make such good use of your Travels; For, the best thing which a man can bring from abroad, is the love of home. And, How have you spent your time, since your coming over? methinks a young man of your Complexion should be engaged, e're this, in some Love-adventure: What? Are the Ladies kind to you?

Pereg. Considering the shortness of the time, I have no reason to Complain.

Sir Salom. Pray, make me your Confident; I am Secret, and true to Love? What Exploit? What Success have you had?

Pereg. Sure (Sir) you want Leisure for such frivolous Narrations.

Sir Salom. You mistake me; I have Youth enough left to relish affairs of Love.

Pereg. I shall with less reluctance obey you, because there is something very extraordinary in my adventure, which may afford you Divertisement:

vertisement : And (to tell you truly) the Money, which you favour'd me with, I chiefly want to prosecute this design.

Sir Salom. I long to hear it.

Pereg. I confess, here is a young Beauty here in Town, which has already gain'd very much upon my heart : She is one, who has received no improvement from Education ; Nor does she want it : For, Nature has left her so well finish'd, that Art has little to do. Perhaps her Ignorance is greater then ordinary ; but that's abundantly recompenc'd by her Innocence : An Air so taking, so free, so modelt, I never yet b held in any Face.

Sir Salom. Had you study'd to hit my fancy, you could not have drawn a Copy more like the Original.

Pereg. It adds much to my satisfaction, that her Character is agreeable to your Fancy ; I think I may without vanity tell you, that my pretensions and hopes stands very fair, for I am admitted, and received by her with such expressions of kindness, as ought to content any reasonable Lover in his first Essays.

Sir Salom. Pray, What is her name ? and Where does she lodge ?

Pereg. By those about her she's called Mrs. Betty ; and I enquired no farther of her name ; she's lodged in a House on the back side of Holborn, towards the Fields.

Sir Salom. Hell, and Devils, What is't I hear ? [*Apart.*

Pereg. But the pleasant part of this Story is, that all this while she is maintained, and educated in a private cunning way, by an old Gentleman they call Mr. Evans——

Sir Salom. I have trod upon a Snake, which stings me to death !

Pereg. Sure, he's a person so very remarkable in his kind, that you must needs know him ; Has he not the reputation of a Formal Coxcomb ? [*Apart.*

Sir Salom. I have heard of the name,—— I burst, I die. [*Apart.*

Pereg. 'Tis much, you should not know him : Though I never saw the Man, yet the extravagant æconomy of his Family, and his exotick way of training up this Lovely Creature sufficiently discovers to me the politick Worm in his Pate.——

But, to my thinking (Sir) you don't relish this Narrative, as I expected.

Sir Salom. O ! yes, Sir.

Pereg. I am afraid, you are of too scrupulous a Conscience for such Relations.

Sir Salom. Not at all, Sir.

Pereg. For my own part, I must acknowledge, that I never embark'd in a Love-Adventure more to my satisfaction in my life : For, though my Passion for her be very great, yet the pleasure of disappointing the ridiculous Policy of this old jealous Guardian, is very near as great as that which I receive in the enjoyment of her affection.—— But, (Sir) I perceive my Story grows tedious to you ; Nor can I blame your want of Patience, having Love-Concerns of your own, more pressing and urgent ; I shall therefore only Conjure you to be a faithful preserver

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of my secret; since the rendring of it publick, would ruine my happiness so well begun, Especially should it come to the Politick Ears of that Mr. Evans. Farewell.

[Exit Peregreen.]

Sir Salom. Is there a Torment? —

Pereg. enters again. As you are my Friend, and a Person of Honour, let nothing of this be discovered to my Father, when he comes to Town; For I know not, how far such a business, as this, may work upon him to my prejudice.

[Exit Peregreen.]

Sir Salom. So: so, — Oh? let me breath a little: was ever Man so tortur'd, as I am, and yet constrain'd to dissemble his pain, and put a smiling Countenance upon his Torment? False Woman, thy whole Sex is a meer Quicksand, false, and treacherous ground for any Man to build his happiness upon! Thy whole Sex is a Generation of Vipers, that gnaw and eat into the hearts that give them reception: They are born with all their poison about them, which no Art, or Industry, no Education can remove. Unjust Stars? That a vain young Fellow, not knowing what he does, but conducted by the hand of blind chance, should thus baffle me in my Love, my Reputation; and in one moment disappoint the whole design of my happiness, which with long study and labour, has been manag'd, by the most exact Rules of Policy. That I should furnish him with Money, to cut my own throat? and he, out of Kindness and Confidence, be the Informer of his own Treason against me? — Yet in all this misfortune I were unjust, not to acknowledge some favour from my Stars, in the miraculous discovery of this Mine, before the fatal Fire was put to it: And now, having warning, and time to repair, fortifie, and countermine, if I fail to blow up, and scatter the Enemy, and to maintain my ground, let me become the scorn of the Wise, and the Laughter of Fools.

[Exit Sir Salomon.]

Enter Sir Arthur, Peregreen, and Single.

Sir Arth. You, Mr. Single; and you Mr. Peregreen; are the two dearest Friends I have in the World, and I bespeak you both to my Wedding.

Pereg. Against what time, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arth. Let me see — — About some four days hence; for by that time the Lawyers, the Taylors, the Semstresses, and Rhiming-Poets, with the rest of the Wedding Mongers, will have all things in readiness.

Pereg. But will the Lady be ready so soon?

Sir Arth. Will she tarry so long?

Pereg. Yare a great Conquerour Sir Arthur, that can make such Forts surrender at first Summons: But, did she ever come to a Parley with you?

Sir Arth. Hang Parleys; I never spoke to her in my Life; But her Father begs me to take her; and I hope, she has more need of me, than he has. Can she resist a man of Estate, and Title, with my Parts?

Single.

Single apart I must take down the confidence of this Fool: a Story lower; else he'll cast me off, as needless to him. —
 Hark you, Sir *Arthur*, you make me stark mad, to see how foolishly you destroy your own designs, by talking at this rate, before Mr. *Peregrine* is there: To my certain knowledge he's newly entred into the List of the Rivals; And is a dangerous one too; for he's a Landed Man, and will fight.

Sir *Arth.* God's so, What an unlucky Fellow am I; why could not you tell me on't?

Single. I winked, and winked upon you, and did all that I could; But, you run on so madly in your Carreer, that the Devil cannot stop you, when once y'are going.

Sir *Arth.* Dear Mr. *Single*, What must I do then?

Single. Nay, you must first know what he'll do: But your only way for the present will be to address your self to the Lady with all secrecy and speed; And if you can but get her of your side, that will be some protection to you.

Sir *Arth.* Well, I'll go immediately and put my self in equipage; and then have at her; but, let not him know it; I have your Letter of Recommendation in my Pocket; And, if the old Man be but at home, I warrant you I shall do well enough with the Daughter——'Faith, Gentlemen, for some reasons, which I have since thought on, I shan't be Marry'd so soon as I said: For, this Wedlock is such a damnable Clogg, that I vow, I don't know what to think on't. God be'wy.

[Exit Sir Arthur.

Pereg. This is a pleasant Knight.

Single. O! let him go: The Fool began to grow troublesome, and I sent him on an Errand. But, as Blunt as you see him, he's a most admirable Tool for the Work which I have in hand. Now, since we are rid of him, pray let me hear what pass between my Father and you.

Pereg. 'Faith, were he not your Father, I should think him as extravagant in his way, as this good Sir *Arthur* is. For upon our first interview, he was all sweetness, and kindness; He paid me his Money with the best grace that ever I saw. He own'd his Marriage to me; but, when I asked him to wait upon his Mistress before the Marriage, there he stuck, and absolutely refus'd me; yet still his gracious aspects were the same; and I labouring to improve his Favour, and gain farther upon his Confidence, told him the Story (he putting me upon it) of Mrs. *Fetty* which (you know) is pleasant enough in the Relation: And all on the sudden, when his kindness and good humour were at highest, he sunk in a moment to so flat an Ebb of coldness and dryness, that he scarce minded what I said, turn'd his head on one side, stood making of Faces, and was so like a man distracted, that I cannot attribute this inequality, in his temper, to any thing else, but some inward disorder in his Brain, which must necessarily in time grow to a direct Frenzy.

Single. I have too much cause to believe, what you apprehend. But, Sir, much against my Will, I must leave your Company: For my seve-

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ral designs of disappointing my Fathers Marriage, and securing my own Love, so hurry'd me too and fro, that I cannot enjoy a moment of rest.

Pereg. Farewell, may you prosper in both : To tell you truly, this little *Betty* is so much in my Head, and (I'm afraid) in my heart too, that I am very near as restless as you. [Exit Single and Peregreen.]

Enter Sir Arthur, and two Foot-boys.

Sir Arth. My brace of Munkies, advance and stand before me, that you may receive in Charge, how to behave your Selves in my Service; First, because I am a Martial Man, I will assign you employments accordingly: You, *Sirrah*, shall be my Trumpeter, and you my Scout. Your Office, Trumpeter, is, where-ever you go, and especially in my Mistress Quarters, to sound forth the Praises of me, your Commander in Chief——Rogue! D'ye Laugh? Know, *Sirrah*, 'tis the fashion of us Great Ones, to keep Men in Pay for no other end, but to commend us in all places right or wrong——You, Scout, are a necessary Officer in my Service; and I shall put you upon Duty presently: You are to watch the motions of the Enemy; and when he draws near, to give me intelligence.

S. Foot-boy. Pray, Sir, Who is the Enemy?

Sir Arth. I see (Boy) thou'rt a Blockhead. I go a Wooing, *Sirrah*; and all that pretend to my Mistress are the Enemy. Go *Sirrah*, scout abroad to Mr. *Wary's* House, and if thou seest any body in the way, that has the countenance of a Rival, instantly retreat to your Head quarters here.

S. Foot-boy. A Rival, Sir, What's that?

Sir Arth. Well; there is no such misery in the World, as to be seized by Fools; Dost not know a Rival, when thou seest him? Why, What art thou good for?

S. Foot-boy. If your Worship will give me any marks to know him by, I'll do my best to find him out.

Sir Arth. Find him out? I tell thee (*Sirrah*) I would not find him out; nor have him find me out; Ignorant Puppy! not know a Rival?

S. Foot-boy. Rival? Sure your Worship means a Serjeant; I know them well enough by the Dirt o'their Cloaths, and the flits o'their Noses.

Sir Arth. What Rascal? Dost think that I am afraid of a Serjeant? No, I despise all the Justice of England: For, I have Fifteen hundred a year, and owe never a Groat. Come hither, Boy; I see I must take pains to instruct thee: A Rival (*Sirrah*) is a thing compounded of Coller, and Love: One of his Eyes, and half his Face, that looks towards his Mistress, is so mild and sweet, that you would swear, the Creature had no Gall in it: Whil'st t'other side of his Countenance looks on all a bout him, as if he could eat 'em up. When he speaks, he Clapper in his Mouth strikes double; To his Mistress Ears it sounds, *weet Madam, let me kiss your fair hands*; and, to the rest it Rings out,

Damn me, What make you here?——Now (Blockhead) I hope, you I know a Rival, when you see him: Abroad then, quickly, as I bid you, and bring me word if the Coast be clear.

Sc. Foot boy. I'll do my best to serve your Worship: And, if I discover any such strange thing as you talk of, I'll bring you notice instantly.

Exit Scout Foot-boy.

Sir Arth. Now (Sirrah) let me examine you a little, and see if you have any more Wit than your Companion. How long have you been of the Running-Trade?

T. Foot-boy. Ever since I could go.

Sir Arth. Why, that's very strange!

T. Foot-boy. Not at all, Sir, I come of a running Generation. My Father (as they tell me) was an over-grown Link-boy; and my Mother was a Woman employed in Errands; who, when she went of me, out of Modesty and Shamfac'dness, fairly run the Country; so that I was born to my Trade, and have it by kind as well as by Education.

Sir Arth. But, Do'st thou know what belongs to Service?

T. Foot-boy. Sir, there's not a Boy in all this Town of my Age, that has my Experience: For I have serv'd above a dozen Masters, besides Mistresses, and am able to do your Worship good Offices in all kinds.

Sir Arth. Thou art a Boy worth having.

T. Foot-boy. I am none of those heavy Lobcocks that are good for nothing, but to hang at the tail of a Coach; I am for all Service, as well by night as by day: If your Worship be a Gamester, I can furnish you with Cards of the newest Mark; Dice high or low; I can——

Sir Arth. Well, Boy, these qualities may be useful hereafter: But for the present I have appointed thee thy Office already.

T. Footboy. For that, Sir, I can swear and lye for the Credit of my Master, as well as any Boy or Man of them all.

Enter Scout Foot-boy out of Breath.

S. Footboy. O Sir, Sir,——they come, they come!

Sir Arth. Who, Boy? Who?——The Rivals?

S. Footboy. I Sir, I.

[The Scout Foot boy runs off the Stage, Sir Arthur follows, the Musick strike, and Timothy ushers in his Masters servants, who come to practice a Dance against Sir Salomon's Wedding.]

Enter Timothy and Servants in Masquerade, and after them the Musick.

[Timothy makes a sign to the Musick to hold, and they give over.]

T. Footboy. What a Valiant Knight have I for my Master?

Timothy. Well, my Masters, to morrow's the Wedding-day, and this

The Cautious Coxcomb.

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this is your last time of Tryal, I need not tell you, how much our Credit's engag'd in the exact performance of this piece of Ingenuity: As for the Speeches in the Masque, those I take upon my self; and as for this Masking Dance, pray take notice, that although the Performance be yours, the Contrivance was mine ——— Now Musick strike up again. [They Dance.

Timothy. Bravely perform'd! This will do: And let me tell you, There is more Wit in this Dance, than in a dozen of your best Modern Plays: They with their gingle of Rhime, and playing with Words, go just like the Chimes of St. Bartlemy; and please the Ladies Ears, but affect not the understanding at all. This does gratefully Ravish our noblest Sence, the Eye, with an exact contrivance of Figure and Motion, which are the Elements of Beauty:

This Entertainment worthily may greet
Our *Solomon* and *Sheba*, when they meet.

[Exeunt omnes.

The Third Act.

Enter *Ralph* and *Alice*.

Ralph.

Alice; Shall you and I talk a little wisely together?

Alice. I come; just like our Master *Evans*.

Ralph. Our Master *Evans*? hang him, dry bones:
No, we'll talk just as our fine new Master talks

with Mrs. *Betty*.

Alice. O, I: come, do you begin.

Ralph. O Rogue; now woud'st thou have me make Love to thee, and Kiss thy hands over and over, and squeeze 'em, and cast Sheeps Eyes on thee, just as the fine Gentleman does upon Mrs. *Betty*.

Alice. O pray be quiet; you are not half so Fine a Man as he; an' you were ———

Ralph. Marry come up, Gillen-Flurt, is that a Bitt for your greasy Chops? A'n you be so dainty, you may e'n fast long enough.

Alice. Why so I will for all you, if I have a mind to't.

Ralph. Nay, but *Alice*, consider a little; Since the Fine Gentleman came amongst us, we have got Fortunes of our own: and Folk that have means, should think with themselves, how to set up in the World; If I joyn my Twenty Shillings with thy Twenty Shillings, and thou joyn thy self with my self, we should begin the World curiously together.

Alice. There are other-guests Men than you to begin withal: I'll have neither beginning nor ending with you ———

E

Enter

Enter Sir Salomon.

Ralph. Peace, peace; here's Master *Evans*.

Alice. O! How he looks.

Sir Salom. Slaves, dispatch quickly: make ready to die.

Both. O pray Sir.

Alice. Indeed I shan't be ready a great while.

Sir Salom. Peace, Traytors, examine your Conscience, think what y've done.

Ralph. I did nothing; 'twas she open'd the door, and let him in.

Alice. But 'twas you that told him first he might come in.

Ralph. I told him no more than Mrs. *Betty* bid me.

Sir Salom. Still worse and worse! quickly Villains, confess, confess: When came he first? How often has he been here? How long did he stay? Did he come by day or by night? What did he say? What did he do? No body speak?

Alice. O Sir, I have got the Palsie in my Tongue, I can't speak.

Sir Salom. Rascal! Are you stealing away? if you stir an inch I'll flea you alive.

Ralph. No, no, Sir; when I have recovered my Senses I'll tell you all.

Sir Salom. Base and ungrateful Vermine! that would have starv'd and stunk in a Ditch long e're this, had I not taken them under my Roof, nourisht them with my Bread, and raised them from the extremity of want and impotent folly, to a comfortable subsistence, and state of living: And after all this (treacherous Wretches!) Could you betray such a Master? let a Man into my House to rise my happiness, rob me of all my Treasure? —

Alice. No, indeed Sir, he was very honest; we have mist nothing out of the House never since he came.

Sir Salom. Hush, brute beast! Come, confess quickly, How came he in? What did he do to Mrs. *Betty*?

Ralph. Why Sir, about a Week ago —

Alice. But 'tis not a Week though; nor won't be till to morrow night.

Sir Salom. 'Tis no matter.

Ralph. There came a man to the door —

Alice. No, no, he's out; there came a woman first.

Ralph. But she did not come in, Did she?

Alice. But I say, she did come first.

Ralph. Why then tell the Story your self: I can never begin to speak, but she puts me out still.

Sir Salom. What patience can overcome all this?

Alice. This blockhead will always be prating, and knows not what he says.

Sir Salom. Peace both: Call down your Mistrifs: I'll see if she can speak sence — Stay: come back again; Should they give her notice of

of the business, and my resentment, she will have time to frame a Story, and disguise the truth: I had better moderate my anger, and by gentle means draw a plain confession out of her; wait both here till I come out again.

Exit Sir Salomon.

Alice. What a dickens is come to our Master?

Ralph. I always thought the coming of this young Man would make a foul House at last.

Alice. As sure as can be some Mad-Dog has bit him.

Ralph. No, no, 'tis a what-dee call thing, like a fly under a Horse-Tail, that makes him wince and fling about so; I think they call it Jealousie.

Alice. Jealousie? What's that?

Ralph. Why, that's a Disease which Folk in Love are troubled with. 'Tis Physick that works the wrong way, in stead of going downwards, it flies up into the head.

Enter Sir Salomon and Mrs. Betty.

Sir Salom. Come Betty, 'tis fine Walking. Go, get you within doors — And a sweet day.

[Exit Ralph and Alice.]

Mrs. Betty. Yes indeed.

Sir Salom. What News d'e hear?

Betty. O Sir, my little Bird dy'd last night.

Sir Salom. I'm sorry for't — *Betty,* the World is grown very malicious: Would you think that some of the spiteful Neighbours hereabouts should report, that a-certain young Man, (a stranger) has several times been seen going in and out of your Lodging, and that you have receiv'd and entertain'd him in discourse whole hours together? But I am none of those, that are apt to credit the Slanders of bad Tongues; for I offer'd to lay all I am worth there was no such thing.

Betty. Indeed but you must not; for as sure as can be you'd lose all that you lay.

Sir Salom. Why? was there such a man then?

Betty. O Lord I; he was here this very day: Had you but come two hours sooner you might have seen him here.

Sir Salom. At least this confession with so little concern, shews apart. She's not quite fallen from the state of Innocence —

But *Betty,* as I remember, I did forewarn and command you to speak with no Man, especially with no young Man.

Betty. I remember that too; but had you been here when I spoke first to him, I knew you would have done as I did.

Sir Salom. It may be so: But pray let me hear how 'twas.

Betty. With all my heart; I was sitting in the Balcony one Evening at work, when this handsome proper young Man came by; and just as I look'd on him he chanc'd to look up to me: He presently makes me a low reverence, and I, in civility, rose up and did the like: By and by he turns back again, and salutes me as before; and I, as in good

manners I ought, did the same: thus he continu'd a great many times together: About two hours after, when 'twas almost dark, there came an Orange-woman to the door, who sent me up word, That she had the finest China Oranges that ever were seen; and that if I would not buy 'em with Money, I should have 'em for Love: I presently came down to see her Oranges (for I love 'em mightily:) And whilst I was looking upon 'em, she whisper'd in my Ear, *God bless those sweet Eyes of yours; but, if you knew how you have wounded a brave Gentleman, who is ready to die for you, your Heart could not be so hard to deny him some relief.*

Sir Salom. Curst Engine of the Devil.

[*Apart.*

Betty. Good Woman (said I) you're mistaken; I never wounded any body in my Life: The Man that you lately saw under the Balcony, I am sure (said she) is so hurt by you, that he is not like to live two days to an end, unless you take pity of him. Sure I did not let fall any thing (said I) down upon his head: No, Madam, (said she) 'tis from your Eyes alone, that he has receiv'd his wound; they have a secret Poyson in them, which you are ignorant of, that has seiz'd on his Heart, and reduc'd him to this languishing Condition: I vow (said I) I would not for a World, that the poor Man should miscarry, and I be the cause on't; What would he have me do to help him? Nothing (answer'd she) but give him leave to look upon you again; for your Eyes that hurt him, can only cure him: With all my Heart, if that will do him good (said I) he may come hither, and see me as much as he pleaseth. And (would you believe it?) as soon as ever he came and saw me, he was as well as ever he was in his life: Now (judge you) could I in Conscience do less, than relieve a dying Man, when it cost so little the doing?

Sir Salom. } I fear we have paid too dearly for the Cure——No,
[*apart.* 'twas charitably done. But when he came in, What did he do? What past between you? Was he not very kind to you?

Betty. Beyond all measure. He presented me the finest Box that ever you saw (I can shew it you above;) besides, he gave whole handfuls of Mony to Ralph and Alice; and he said the sweetest things that did so please me——

Sir Salom. Well, but when you were alone together, What did he do then? Now must I search for that, which if I find I die. [*apart.*

Betty. Then he was kindest of all: He took me by the hands, and held them so fast, and kissed them an hundred times over.

Sir Salom. And what else? ————— I am in a cold Sweat!

[*apart.*

Betty. What else? Why d'ee ask?

Sir Salom. Come, 'tis a good Girl, speak freely.

Betty. But you'll be angry.

Sir Salom. No, no.

Betty. Sure you will.

Sir Salom. I tell you no ————— With what a lingering Death she torments me?

[*apart.*

Betty.

Betty. I vow I'm aſham'd to tell you.

Sir Salom. Come, come, you may tell me any thing.

Betty. He took _____

Sir Salom. What did he take?

Betty. He took my _____

Sir Salom. Out with't.

Betty. Scarlet Ribband which you gave me, and ſaid, He would wear it for my ſake.

Sir Salom. } 'Tis well he took no more — If that be all, let the
apart. } Ribband go: But did he ask no other Remedy of you

to Cure the Wound which he ſo complain'd of?

Betty. No: Was there any thing elſe for him to ask? For ſure at that time I ſhould have deny'd him nothing.

Sir Salo. Well, *Betty*, what is paſt, is paſt, and you ſhall hear no more of it from me; but little think you, what a danger y'ave ſcap'd. Thou haſt too much ſimplicity to underſtand the Malice of theſe Frizled heads, who with their Flattery and fine words, ſeek only to diſhonour and ruine thee.

Betty. O 'tis impoſſible that he ſhould mean me any hurt, for he loves me.

Sir Salom. He love thee? he deceives thee; and is kind to thee only for his own wicked ends, which having compaſs, he will ſcorn and hate thee.

Betty. Sure that can't be; for he Swore to me above a dozen times that he would always love me.

Sir Salom. Thou'rt undone, ſhould'ſt thou truſt to the Promiſes and Oaths of this Seducer; they are meer Cobwebs to catch ſilly Flies: Beſides, *Betty*, to admit ſuch Viſits and take Preſents, and to delight in the Amorous Converſation and dalliance of theſe Periwig-men, is a Sin (*Betty*) and a great one.

Betty. No ſure: a Sin is a black ugly thing; but this is ſo pleaſing and ſweet; and when one means no hurt _____

Sir Salom. I tell you 'tis a Sin, unleſs Marriage take away the offence.

Betty. Say you ſo? Then pray, Sir, Marry me out of hand.

Sir Salom. Yes, *Betty*, I intend to Marry thee; and I have put all things in readineſs for it.

Betty. But when will you do it?

Sir Salom. To morrow morning?

Betty. To morrow morning?

Sir Salom. Without fail: I ſee you are mightily pleas'd.

Betty. Yes indeed; I ſhall be extreamly obliged to you, and huge'y ſatiſfied in him.

Sir Salom. Him? What him?

Betty. Why him we ſpoke of.

Sir Salom. Very fine; you are mighty forward to chuſe your Husband: but for that *him*, trouble not your head any further; let him die of his wounds a-Gods name. I am reſolv'd when he comes next, you
shall

[*ſhe Laugh.*]

Sir SALOMON; Or,

shall give him such a welcome, that the importunate Ghest shall no longer haunt you.

Betty. Why, What must I do?

Sir Salom. You shall shut the door on the face of him, and then if he knocks, you shall send that after him out of the Window, which shall cool the heat of his Passion.

Betty. How shall I be able to do that? He is so kind and so handsome

Sir Salom. What? D'ee make a difficulty of it when I command it?

Betty, no more words; before I stir from hence I'll see you do it my self. I know we shall have him quickly here. Come along with me, I find you want Instruction yet.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Arthur, and his Two Foot-boys.

Sir Arth. Nay, Sirrah, by Martial-Law I'll ha' thee hang'd for giving a false Alarm, and putting me in such a disorder as I have hardly yet recovered.

S. Foot-boy. Truly, Sir, I took 'em to be the Monsters you spoke of.

Sir Arth. Did you so? And where were your Eyes, Puppy? a Pox o' your fears, that made 'em see double: Of all Men living, I hate these Cowardly Rogues.

T. Foot-boy. apart. Then I'll be sworn my Master's no self-lover.

Sir Arth. This is the time too of Old Wary's Assignment. And I Vow, 'tis all I can do to rally my Forces against my Onset on Mrs. Julia.

T. Foot-boy. This, Sir, was the hour by him appointed to meet you in these Walks.

Sir Arth. Go tell him, Boy, that I am here, and stay for him.

T. Footboy. Here they are, Sir.

Enter Wary and Julia.

Julia. Have you no body, Sir, to offer me, but the most notorious Fool of the Town?

Wary. Peace: Thou art a greater Fool than he, to refuse a Man that has a great deal of Mony and little Wit; and so lose the opportunity of being sole Mistress of a large Fortune. See in what a submissive posture the Amorous Knight begs his admittance into your Favour. Nay, come up to him—— Sir Arthur here's my Daughter, and God send you good luck with her. Perhaps you'll find her a Coy Mistress; but let not that dishearten you; farewell; I'll leave you to your selves.

[Exit Wary and Servants.]

Sir Arth. Come, Madam, now we are alone, you need not be ashamed to speak your mind freely to me: Be of good Courage, I am kind-hearted, and can deny you nothing that you ask.

Julia. Sure, the Fool expects that I should Court him.

[apart.]

Truly,

The Cautious Coxcomb.

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Truly, Sir *Arthur*, I would fain ask you something; but, I am afraid, you are not good Natur'd, nor a Man of your Word.

Sir Arthur. As I am a Gentleman, and a Knight———She's coming already———

Julia. But, What if you should deny me? you know, for a Woman to be refused, is the last misery that can befall her. [apart.

Sir Arth. Alas, poor heart; I vow I take such pity o'thee, that there is no kindness, I would not do instantly for thee.

Julia. Well (Sir) remember your promise: I ask you to forbear all manner of Courtship, or pretension to Marry me.

Sir Arth. This is very pretty P'faith: I know well enough, you say this now only to try me; I can't but laugh to think, how damnably you'd be mump'd, if I should take you now at your word.

Julia. Do it, pray Sir; and take it which way you will, either grant my real desires, according to your promise, or punish my Dissimulation (if so you will have it.)

Sir Arth. So, so; y're very pleasant: But, pray Madam, for a while give over Fooling, and be serious; Alas, I know y're bashful (as all young Women are, or should be) and loth to come out with't: Therefore I'll take pity o'you, and speak your mind for you; You'd fain have a Husband (Would you not?) and you'd be marry'd to a man of Fortune, and good Parts, and be a Lady, (I know you would:) Then say no more, trouble your self no farther, you shall have all this, here's your Man, take him, and be thankful.

Julia. Is there any persecution like that of a confident Fool. [apart. *Sir Arthur*, I confess y're a Man of Fortune; but, I am not of Fortunes Mind to dote upon you, as she has done: As for your good Parts, they are past my understanding; and for the Ladyship you talk of, pray keep it for those, who are disposed to wear it for your sake, which I am resolv'd never to do.

Sir Arth. What a perverse Woman is this?——— [apart. Well, well, Madam; for all this, I'll not despair, but that you may come to your Wits yet; In order whereunto I have this Letter to deliver you: Perhaps good Counsel may do much, pray peruse it well; and afterwards let me know your Mind.

Julia. I know the Hand: But I cannot possibly imagine, how he should come to be the bearer of it——— [apart.

Julia reads the Letter apart from Sir Arthur.

Madam, if your Father's severity has stirred in you the same Melancholly Humor, as in me, this Fool, whom I send for your Divertisement, may prove no unseasonable Present: But there's another use to be made of him, much more important to me, and (I hope) to you; For, he's very proper to amuse your Fathers unquiet suspicions of our Love, and to fill the room of a Suitor, which might otherwise be taken up by some body of more danger: There can be no fitter person, than he,

to be deceiv'd himself, and to deceive others. I therefore leave him to your discreet management; for, in your Conduct and Affection, lie all the hopes and Happiness of your Adorer *Single*.

Well, *Single*, since thou hast put me upon't, I'll act the part thou sav'st me, so to the Life, that thou shalt tremble at thine own disguise; and so by a wholesome severity I will at once punish thy jealous Humor, and secure thy Love——Sir *Arthur*, come hither; What d'ee think this Letter contains?

Sir *Arth*. A great deal of Truth, I warrant you.

Julia. Be you the Judge of that; take it, and read it.

Sir *Arth*. Truly I am a modest Man, and don't love to read my own Commendations: but, since you Command it——Hai, What's here?——This Fool——for your Divertisement——to be made use on——to amuse your Fathers——discreet management:——O Traitor! there's not a true word in it. Judge you, (Madam;) Am I a Fool? Am I a fit person to deceive, or be deceived?

Julia. No, Sir *Arthur*: And to let you see what part I take in the injury done you, this is the Answer, which (*She tears it.*) I give to so malicious a Libel. 'Tis true, I am none of those, who can fall in love with a man at first sight (which perhaps you may take unkindly at my hands)——

Sir *Arth*. No indeed, not I.

Julia. But I am so much concern'd to see Plain dealing and Honest Simplicity abus'd, under the colour of Friendship, that I shall always side with the well-meaning Party, against the false underminings of Dissemblers.

Sir *Arth*. What a happy Man am I?

Julia. You are to know, that this Mr. *Single* has been a Pretender to me himself; and now he makes you his Stalking-horse to drive the Game into his own Nets: But, go you immediately to him, and relate what y've seen me do, and heard me say; and tell him from me, that I have now taken a better Man into his Room.

Sir *Arth*. Let me alone; I'll tell him his own to some Tune.

[Exit Sir Arthur.]

Julia. Since thou art doom'd to Poverty
By a Mad-fathers harsh Decree,
And since my Sentence is the same.
From mine, if I admit thy Flame;
Single, 't will just in me appear
To try well, what must cost so dear:
No Common test is fit to prove
The truth, and firmness of thy Love;
Since thou with nothing com'st to me,
And I leave all to follow thee.

[Exit Julia.]

Enter

The Cautious Coxcomb.

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Enter Peregreen and Single.

Pereg. Some way or other I am resolved to find out this woman, before your Father is Marry'd to her; I must break, or delay the Match.

Single. Your Labour will be fruitless. What can you do in so short a time? his Wedding is to Morrow.

Pereg. I have all to day for it: And I'll do nothing, but watch him, and dog him from place to place, till I find out his haunt.

Single. Should you compass the seeing of her, What will it avail? you may as soon Convert a Jew, as make him alter his Resolution.

Pereg. But she may be Converted: For, if she have Honour or Reason in her, 'twill be enough to tell her only the plain story of your Fathers Humour, and Injustice towards you. If she be void of both, I'll get some Wench or other to swear a Promise of Marriage with your Father: Rather then fail I'll pretend a Contract my self with his Mistress; and so forbid the Banes. For what is't I would not do to serve my Friend in such an Exigence?

Single. In all your designs I see much of your kindness, but very little probability of success.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Sir Arthur? I suppose you come immediately from your Mistress. Well, Have you delivered my Letter?

Sir Arth. Yes, Sir; I have delivered it.

Single. And, I hope, it produc'd those good effects, which you have cause to thank me for.

Sir Arth. O yes, Sir; I thank you most abundantly.

Single. But, Have you not brought me an Answer?

Sir Arth. Yes, I have an answer for you, but, 'tis by word of mouth.

Single. How's this? Sure you mistake your self.

Sir Arth. No, good Mr. *Single*; 'Tis you that mistake your self, and me too: For, I am no Fool, (d'ee see;) and Mrs. *Julia* cares not this for you. What say you now, Sir?

Single. Either the Fool's run mad, or I shall. — *Sir Arthur*, you are grown very misterious: Pray, tell me plainly, What did she say?

Sir Arth. Then, to be plain, Sir, she said no better of you, then you Writ of me.

Single apart. Wasever Man so cross bit, and confounded by an Ass.

Sir Arth. Alas, poor Mr. *Single*! I find you are extremely troubled: But, I scorn to be base; and, one good turn deserves another. Shall I write a Letter of Commendation for you to Mrs. *Julia*? Ha, ha!

Single. Y'are too sawcy: Give over fooling quickly, or I shall grow in earnest. Come, tell me her Answer; and, if you swerve one tittle from the truth, I shall be worse to you, then a thousand Rivals.

Sir Arth. Lord! Why are you so angry now? If Mrs. *Julia* will be kind to me, Can I help it?

Single. That it should be in the power of such a Worm to sting me thus! — Dispatch; what said she?

Sir Arth. Good Lord! in what haste you are to hear ill News? I vow now, I can't help it: she read your Letter, and then gave it me to read. (I need not tell you what was in't.) When I had read it, she took it and tore it, (without my Bidding her) and said, That was the Answer she made to it: Withall, she bid me tell you, That she was now provided with a better Man to fill your room.

Single. 'Tis false, She did not; She could not say so.

Sir Arth. I thought what 'twould come too — Why, look'ee now, if you won't believe me, ask her.

Single. *Sir Arthur*, This business must not pass so: I must be farther satisfy'd in the Truth of your relation, or I shall take a course, which I suspect may not be agreeable to your temper. Go instantly back, and let her know from me, that, when she sends such a Message by such an Ambassador, she ought to send her Credentials too: And I shall also advise you, for your own sake, to bring me a speedy account of this business.

Sir Arth. Methinks you might take my word for a greater matter than this; But, you shall have your humour, and I'll go strait — Would I were well rid of him.

[Exit *Sir Arthur*.]

Single. Where can Faith be found, if *Julia* be false? Must Virtue it self degenerate to Treachery, and an Angel turn Devil to compleat my unhappiness?

Pereg. Come, come; All this may be nothing but a Trial of your Constancy; or some Stratagem of Love to amuse the froward suspicion of her old Father.

Single. She could not shew that Fool my Letter, and tear it before his face, with any other design, but to abandon, and destroy me.

Pereg. Be not so hasty to conclude her unfaithful, and your self unfortunate: For my part, I hold it impossible, that a Woman of Wit, who has always been constant to you, should on the sudden desert you for so despicable a Person, as your pretended Rival.

Single. Ah, *Peregreen*! had but a nobler Object debauch'd her from me, it would not have put such scorn upon my sufferings: But now I fall dishonourably by an infamous hand, and am expos'd at once to Ruine and Contempt.

Enter *Sir Arthur*.

Sir Arth. Now, Sir, I hope I have pleas'd you; I told her all that you said: And, she bid me tell you again, that, since you are so hard of belief, both she, and her Father will meet you in this place within this hour, to give you full satisfaction in the point: And so God be b'wy.

Single.

The Cautious Coxcomb.

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Single. Nay, but Sir *Arthur*; Pray, one word more with you. Come near.

Sir Arth. By no means, Sir; I am in haste; and my Mistriss will be angry if I stay from her so long. Farewell. [Exit Sir Arthur.]

Single. So; Now I think my business is compleatly done: Nature and Love have both declar'd me their Enemy; whilst I am disinherited by my Father, and forsaken by my Mistriss. What have I left me, but to Court an honourable and speedy Death?

Pereg. At least suspend your judgment, till you speak with *Julia*. All this may still be a blind to cover, and secure your Love. You must not expect at first sight, to see the bottom of a Womans Policy in matters of this Nature: They manage such Affairs with a subtlety, and address beyond our reach.

Single. Your excess of kindness makes you flatter my Misery with vain hopes.

Pereg. You must not antedate your Misery by Despair; That will teach Fortune the way to ruine you: First hear what *Julia* says; examine well her words, and her Eyes; and then you may knowingly make a Judgment of your Case——I shall impatiently wait the success of this Assignment. In the mean time I must beg your leave to dispatch a Visit here close by to my little *Betty*; That being done, your Concerns shall be my whole Employment. Adieu.

Single. Dear *Peregreen*, Farewell.

[Exit Single.]

Peregreen knocks at *Mrs. Bettys* Lodgings.

Ralph looks out, and shuts the Door upon him.

Ralph. Stand off.

Pereg. Hai dai! What's the meaning of this? I'll try a little farther; perhaps he mistook me for another. [Knocks again.]

Ralph and *Alice* both look out.

Ralph. What would you have?

Alice. Here's nothing for you.

They shut the Door upon him again.

Pereg. They turn me away like a Beggar from the door! Now I am sure they saw me——*Ralph, Alice*,——my pretty Rogues, don't you know me? 'Tis I.

Mrs. Betty from the Balcony throws down a Brick-bat,
and wish it a Letter.

Mrs. Betty. To all y'ave said, or have to say to me, this is my Answer.

She withdraws.

Pereg. Does that hand persecute me too? she speaks in Thunder, and vanishes like Lightning. ——— [*He takes up the Brick.* If this be your Answer, 'tis a weighty one; had it come home to me, 'twould have Silenc'd me for ever. 'Tis impossible that *Betty* should be so changed all o'the sudden, as to do this of her self; without dispute *Old Evans* has been allarm'd, and is now himself upon the Guard: I must e'en draw off at present from the Enemies Quarters. ——— What have we here? a Letter, *For Mr. Peregreen Woodland*? good, or bad, I'll take it; but, this is no place to read it in. [*Exit Peregreer.*

Ralph peeps out at the Door, and then looks back.

Ralph. The Bird is flown.

Enter Sir Salomon, Mrs. Betty, Ralph, and Alice.

Sir Salom. Most bravely perform'd of all hands; you *Ralph*, and you *Alice* did so well execute my Orders, that now I forgive you all your past-faults: And you, my dear *Betty*, are now restored to the place you formerly held in my affections; For know, that I am, no less a Rewarder of Virtue, than a Punisher of Vice: I believe my Confident Lover will brag no more of this Adventure; The Brick-bat has dash'd in pieces all his Designs. And now, *Betty*, learn from hence the necessity of a wise Conductor even for Innocence it self: Thou hadst been quite lost, and undone, had I not miraculously delivered thee from the Ambuscade, which was laid to ruine thee; but, for the future I hope, all of you are sufficiently instructed, how to behave your selves, should he renew his attempts again.

Ralph. We have our Lesson without Book now; let him come when he will, and do his worst, I defy him.

Sir Salom. But have a care you be not caught with his smooth Words, and fair Promises; What would you say to him now, if he should come to you, and cry, *Ralph, honest Ralph, Wilt thou forget thy Friend? take a little pity of me.*

Ralph. No; y'are a Rogue.

Sir Salom. Good: But thou *Alice* at least art so pretty and sweet, thou can'st not be so hard hearted.

Alice. Y'are a Jack-straw.

Sir Salom. Excellent! Alas, What hurt is there in the thing which I ask? I intended nothing but Honour and Vertue.

Ralph. Y'are a Cunning Catching Rascal.

Sir Salom. Rarely well; Nay then, if you take no compassion of me, I must die.

Ralph. The sooner the better.

Sir Salom. Most Incomparable! You know, I am none of those, who use to forget the Courtesies done 'em: I never leave a Service unrewarded: And, to give you a taste of my grateful nature, *Ralph*, here's for thee to Drink;

Drink; and Alice here's to buy thee a laced Handkerchief; This is but a small earnest of what I intend.

[*They both take the Money.*]

Ralph. Am I a Man to be brib'd? stand off.

[*He gives him a great thrust.*]

Sir Salom. That's right.

Alice. Get you out.

[*Thrusts him too.*]

Sir Salom. To the Life.

Ralph. Get you out.

[*They both punch him.*]

Sir Salom. As it should be.

Alice. But presently then.

Sir Salom. Mighty well; but now 'tis enough.

Ralph. Be gone thee.

[*They both thrust him about more than ever.*]

Sir Salom. Hold I say.

Alice. We wont hold, you come to affront our Master Evans.

Sir Salom. I tell you I am in earnest.

Ralph. So are we too; we'll do what our Master bid us.

Sir Salom. Give over, I say, or I'll break my Staff about your Ears.

Alice. Must we give over so soon?

Sir Salom. How the Slaves have bruised me?

Ralph. What say you now, Sir? Han't we done as we should do?

Sir Salom. Extreemly well; only you were a little too slow of understanding to'rds the Last, and too quick in taking Money at First.

Ralph. I swear I had quite forgot that part of my Lesson concerning Money: but since we were out, shall we do it over again?

Sir Salom. No: 'Tis enough.

Ralph. Speak but the word, and we are ready.

Sir Salom. Yave done very fairly: ye may now withdraw, whilst I talk a little in private with Betty.

[*Exit Ralph and Alice.*]

Betty, methinks you are very silent; And yet that's a thing I like very well in a Woman: I know, poor heart, thy mind is troubled for the over-sight thou didst commit, not out of Malice, but through too much Innocence. But, Betty, be not dismay'd, thy Fault is forgiven and forgot; and, for a testimony of it, to morrow I'll Marry thee.

Betty. To Morrow, Sir? that's very soon.

Sir Salom. How comes it to pass, that now 'tis too soon, when two hours ago you thought it hardly soon enough.

Betty. I am grown more knowing since that time; for you have given me so many Admonitions concerning the Duty of a Wife, that 'tis impossible for me to have 'em perfect so soon.

Sir Salom. Thou shalt get them perfect by the practice of 'em: And, Betty, to let thee see how my kindness is enlarged to'rds thee, and to Crown all my other benefits heaped upon thee, take this Writing and preserve it charily, for in this I make thee Mistris of my whole Estate. Moreover, Betty, I'll tell thee a Secret which thou little dream'st on; To morrow thou shalt be a Lady, and shalt have a place much above the Rank of the Modern ones. And now, Betty, consider well, what gratitude you owe the Author of so much happiness.

ness——Did the rest of the World Marry at this prudent rate, we should not hear such loud Complaints of Wedlock-Fetters.

Let foolish Men their Marriage Fate deplore;
Whil'st I to *Cupid* his lost Eyes restore:
And all the Poyson from his Darts remove,
By teaching Wisdom in the School of Love.

[*Exeunt Omnes*]

The Fourth Act.

Enter Sir Salomon Single.

Sir Salom. **T**HIS I must own to be the Fortunate Moment of my Life: For now the Harvest is come of my long ripening Designs, which call for the Sickle. I touch the very center of Human Felicity, which lies in that point where expectation ends and fruition begins. I am now beholding to the late Assaults and Dangers I have sustain'd, which add to the fulness of my Joy, the Pleasure of Victory. That I could but see the Countenance of my defeated Rival since his Salutation with the Brickbat? What a Change shall I find in the briskness of his Humour?

Enter Peregrine.

Pereg. Sir *Solomon*, I have been to wait on you at your Lodging; and have fought you far and near.

Sir Salom. Good Mr. *Peregrine*, y'are heartily welcome. Well, and how thrives Love? I suppose by this y'are in a fair possibility of enjoyment.

Pereg. Faith, Sir, that's the very business I have to confer with you: I know not how it comes to pass, but (to tell you truly) I have had some Traverses in my Affairs since I last imparted them to you.

Sir Salom. I protest I'm extremely sorry for it. Why, What's the matter?

Pereg. Without dispute, that watchful Dragon, old *Evans*, smells the Powder, and stands upon his Guard to countermine all my Designs.

Sir Salom. What reason have you to think so?

Pereg. I know it must be so: For I had absolutely gain'd those two Animals, the Man and Maid of the Family, and made them as tame and obedient to all my purposes, as watch'd-Hawks; and now (all on the sudden) they are turn'd Haggard again, know me not, and repulse me with such rudeness, as if they had never seen my face, nor taken my Money.

Sir

Sir Salom. What ill luck's this? But how, in the name of Wonder, should this *Evans* come to the knowledge of your Design?

Pereg. I know not what Devil of Jealousie has inspir'd him; But too sure I am, that he has me in the Wind; for (not many hours since) going to visit my *Betty*, as I use to do, when I came to the House, and had one foot in, they shut the Door with violence upon me; and both Man and Maid cry'd out, What make you here? here's nothing for you.——

Sir Salom. I vow this was very hard usage; after they had taken your Money too.

Pereg. However, I ventur'd to knock once more, and presently *Betty* herself came to the Balcony, and threw a huge Brickbat at me, telling me, That was her Answer to all I had to say.

Sir Salom. A Brick-bat, say you? That was an odd Favour for a Mistress to bestow on her Gallant: But, Did it hit you?

Pereg. No; I had the good fortune to avoid the blow.

Sir Salom. What pity 'tis so hopeful a Design should be knock'd o'th' head with a Brick-bat?

Pereg. Hold, Sir, for all this there's some life in't still: and, I believe, old *Evans*, who was the Engineer that rais'd this Battery against me, will have no cause at last to brag of his Victory.

Sir Salom. If the young Wench be o' your side, you may easily outwit the old Man's Vigilance.

Pereg. I don't question it; And, 'tis no small part of my satisfaction, to think how this Jealous Coxcomb fools himself into a security upon this imaginary Rout.

Sir Salom. Well, Sir, ——How he frights me?

Pereg. Now you shall see, that Love is an equal Conqueror of Art and Nature; First, in baffling all the subtilty and stratagems of that Old Fox; And next, in making a cunning Politician of Innocent *Betty*.

Sir Salom. Where will this end?

[*Apart.*]

Pereg. For she, being constrain'd by her Tyrant to give me this unwilling Repulse, at the same time, under the shelter of that Brick-bat, dropt a Letter at my Feet, so full of sweetness and unsophisticated love, express'd with so much Innocence and Modesty, that now I'm no less charm'd with the beauty of her Mind, than with the loveliness of her Person.

Sir Salom. I am relaps'd into Torment!——

[*Apart.*]

Pereg. Don't you admire this miraculous effect of Love, and readiness of wit in so ignorant, so unpractis'd a Creature? Methinks you are not so affected with the strangeness of it as the thing deserves.

Sir Salom. O, yes, I'm unspeakably surpriz'd.

Pereg. When the Door was shut against me, and the bawling Servants houted at me, and the hand-granado was flung out to Rout the poor Lover, Was not the Politick Conducter of this Stratagem all this while in a dainty Fools-Paradise? Did he not act a pleasant part in

this

this Tragi-Comedy? Why don't you Laugh heartily at it?

[Sir Salomon squeezes out a forced Laugh'er.]

Sir Salom. I protest I Laugh as heartily as I can — How I'm worry'd by him!

Pereg. But as you are my Friend, I must needs shew you her Letter; for, I believe, you never saw a more admirable piece in the kind: Do but hear it.

[Peregrine Reads.]

What shall I do? I must write my Thoughts to you, and yet I know not how to choose words to express them; for I have been bred in such Ignorance, that all the knowledge I have, is, that I want it. This makes me fearful of saying any thing, lest I should say what I ought not. I know not what 'tis y'ave done to me, but I find it goes to my very Heart to use you as I am forc'd to do. Mr. Evans does often Preach to me, That all young Men are Deceivers; and, that 'tis their Trade, by fair promises, to cheat Women of their Honour, and then forsake 'em. Pray tell me, whether it be so or no. I have no Malice my self; and should you deceive me, 'twould be ill done, and I'm confident 'twould kill me.

Was ever any thing so tender and so ravishing? How her Wit and her Love flow from the clear Fountain of Nature, without the least tincture of Artifice? And is not this Evans a most unsufferable Beast, to drown in ignorance and stupidity (as much as in him lies) so perfect a Soul, and so capable of the highest improvement?

Sir Salom. Oh!

Pereg. What ails you, Sir?

Sir Salom. Nothing but a Cold. Uh, uh, uh.

Pereg. I must needs beg your assistance a little in this business; for I am a stranger in Town, and you are the only person I confide in. Could you not acquaint me with some of the Neighbours thereabouts, where I might have access to watch opportunities of speaking with my Mistress?

Sir Salom. No; I have not any acquaintance in that Quarter. Farewel.

Pereg. Pray Sir, stay a little longer: The kindness of Friends should be reciprocal. You have not told me any thing concerning the Progress of your own Affairs: I suppose the Wedding holds for to Morrow. I am resolv'd (notwithstanding the urgency of my own occasions) to prepare my self for it. But, Sir, Will you not grant me the favour to kiss the fair hands of your Lady before the Marriage?

Sir Salom. It can't be; the time is short. God b'ye.

[Exit Sir Salomon.]

Pereg. This good Sir Salomon has a strange Ague in his Nature: His Temper never holds the same for half an hour together. How pleasant and well humor'd he was, when first we began our discourse; And after a while how sullen and ill at ease he seem'd to be? Poor Single! I pity thy hard Fortune, in having such a Father.

[Exit Peregreen.]

Enter

The Cautious Coxcomb.

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Enter Sir Salomon.

Sir Salom. Is he gone at last? — Could any Devil, but he, be so skilful in the Art of Tormenting? Could any Devil, but she, have so much untaught Malice born in her Nature? My Patience and my Wits will forsake me! I have publish'd my Wedding, nam'd the Day, invited my Friends, and, Am I not finely provided with a Bride? I shall become the Discourse of every Coffee-house, be Libell'd, Lampoon'd, Acted; and every Fool will think himself a Wit, when he talks, and tells Stories of me —

Enter Timothy.

Sir Salomon takes several turns upon the Stage, and takes no notice of Timothy, who follows him from side to side.

Timo. Sir, according to your appointment, all things are in readiness, as becomes your Quality, and the Solemnity of such a Wedding. The Taylor, Milliner, Semstres, and Periwig-maker, for the setting forth your Person; And the Butcher, Poulterer, Vintner, Confectioner, and Fruiterer, for setting forth the Feast, have all brought in their Provisions. But, there is such a tearing noise of Fiddles, Drums and Trumpets at your Lodging, to give your Worship Joy, that your whole Family are like Seamen in a Tempest, all bawling, and none hearing: They are his Majesties Trumpets, and his Grace the Lord General's Drums, What will your Worship be pleas'd to shall give them? —

Sir Salom. A Halter — How all Mankind conspires to torment me! Where shall I hide my head, [*Timothy starts back,* and shelter my Person from the Scorn and Mockery of the World? Have I made it my business all my Life to separate my self from the common heard of Fools, and to laugh at the Disasters, which grew from their Principles of Folly? And, am I at last my self betray'd by a Capriciousness of Fate to a degree of Contempt, and Ridiculousness below the most noted Fops, and celebrated Fools of the Times? —

Timo. What will your Worship be pleas'd I shall do?

Sir Salom. Hang your self — [*Tim. starts back again.* Well; if it must be so, at least the World see, that I am none of those tame Fools, that can be the Bawds of their own infamy, and fairly hold intelligence with those, who are the Authors of their Shame and Dishonour. My Revenge shall be as loud as my Disgrace; It shall be Writ in Red Letters upon this insolent Robber, and Ravisher of my Affections, and my Honour; and upon that ungrateful young Viper; whom friends, and indigent, cold and naked, I took into my warm Bosom, nay, more, into my Heart —

Timo. I beseech your Worship to dispatch me: Your House is so full of all sorts of Tradesmen, and such a Rabble is got together about the

Door (the Drums and Trumpets having proclaim'd a Wedding) that I fear your House and Goods are not safe.

Sir *Salom.* There's your dispatch, impertinent Varlet!

[*He kicks him off the Stage.*

Tim. VVhy, Sir! 'tis I: VVho d'ee take me for?

Sir *Salom.* I am to blame. This extravagance of Passion serves only to make my disgrace more visible: And my Resentment making a noise in the World, will but sound a Trumpet, to draw more company in to see the Monster.——All things duely weigh'd, Why should I lay the blame on others, when here within me lies my worst Enemy? An obstinate Love has taken possession of my heart, which makes an Ass of my Reason, and forceth me, though I know the Treason, to dote still upon the Traitor. Unjustly I condemn the amorous pursuit of a young Gallant, who is so ignorant of the wrong and affront he does me, that he calls me to Council in all his Plots and Contrivance against me: Why do I blame the seduced Ignorance of an innocent Girl, whose want of Knowledge, which causes my Disgrace, is the effect of that Education which I gave her? No, my designs of Revenge are vain, and unjust. I must pull down my Sails to weather out this Storm. My only course will be, to Marry her out of hand: That may open her Eyes, to see her Duty; and his, to know the injury he does me. Heaven! If it may be, make her honest; if not,

At least that strength of Patience grant to me,

VVhich I in other Husbands daily see.

[*Exit Sir Salomon.*

Enter Sir Arthur, VVary, Julia, and Roger.

Wary. VVhat? No Mr. *Single* appears yet.

Sir *Arth.* Alas, Sir; he dares not shew his Face, when I am here.

Wary, Roger, to tell thee truly, my Understanding [*apart to Roger.* is quite pos'd, what judgment to frame of this unexpected compliance in my Daughter. Methinks there's still a Mist before my Eyes; for I do not like these sudden Conversions; they favour of Artifice and Design. [*Sir Arthur Courts Julia.* However, I am resolv'd to drive it as far as 'twill go: And therefore I'll immediately give directions to my Lawyer for drawing up the Marriage-Writings. But, you must stay here, that in case Mr. *Single* comes, you may observe the passages between them.

Roger. I warrant you, Sir; I'll give you an account to a tittle of what's said, or done.

Wary. Sir *Arthur*, my business calls me away in order to your Service: But, I leave you in good company. And, Daughter, I expect from you, that when Mr. *Single* comes, you should give him such a Dismissi-on, as that neither you, nor I, may be any more importun'd by him.

[*Exit Wary.*

Julia. Sir *Arthur*, I must confess, y'ave already given me abundant
proof

proof of your Wit; but, in regard I would fain have a thorough Veneration for him, I am to obey during life, Pray afford me some testimony of your Valour too: For that (you know) is as necessary to protect, as Wit is to govern the Subject.

Sir *Arth.* Valour, Madam? Why, that's the only fault I am guilty of: I'm too rash. I vow, Madam, my Courage is so fierce and outrageous, when I let it loose, that I dare not stir abroad, nor meet any body, till I have first chain'd it up, like a curst Mastiff Dog, for fear of doing mischief.

Julia. Good Sir, for my satisfaction unchain it now a little: Here's no body in the way, that can take any hurt, but *Roger* there; and, if you'll venture your Dog, I'll venture my Fathers Devil.

Sir *Arth.* O sweet Lady! for your own dear sake, I would not do it for a World. Alas, Madam, it flies at all, when 'tis loose, without any distinction of Persons; and where it lays hold, it worries.

Enter Single.

Julia. O terrible!——But look'ee; The Gentleman's come at last.——What? Am I grown so out of Credit with you, that when I send my Mind by a Person so worthy of belief, as Sir *Arthur Addel*, both my Message, and Messenger are to be slighted?

Single. Madam, in common Justice no Man is allow'd for good Evidence, when he speaks in his own Cause.

Sir *Arth.* } Take him up short: Don't let him shew his Wit: He
apart to } has a smooth Tongue of his own, and will draw you in.

Julia. } *Julia.* I'm come to see, whether I at least may obtain
the favour of your belief.

Single. I hope, I shall have no cause given me to think you untrue; and then I must believe you.

Sir *Arth.* O Madam; you give him too much head——[*apart to Julia.*

Julia. Know then, that Sir *Arthur* was a person sent, and Authorized by me; and all that he told you, is true, concerning your Letter, and his Admission.

Roger. O, well said, sweet young Lady! How my Master's Heart will be overjoy'd at it!

Sir *Arth.* Is it I that am to be blam'd now? —— [apart to *Single.*

Single. Madam, I submit: For there's no Appeal for him, whom you condemn.

Sir *Arth.* I say still, Have a care of him—— [apart to *Julia.*

Julia. Come, Sir; stand before me. What Woman can do less, that looks upon Sir *Arthur Addel*, than yield her self up to so fair an Estate, so comely a Person, such a Graceful Carriage, so excellent a Wit, such Modesty in using it, such invincible Courage——

Sir *Arth.* O Madam, such Truths are not to be spoke before my Face.

Roger. I'm glad she likes him so well: But did she know all. [apart

Julia. Now, Sir; What have you to say in your own behalf, to counter-balance the Perfections of such a Competitor?

Single. Madam, I am nothing, but what you please to make me.

Julia. I would make you understand your self and me; and that I am a Person worthy of belief: Nor shall all the persuasions of the World ever seduce me from a well-taken resolution.

Roger. You say right, Madam; especially when your Father directs, and commands it.

Julia. Especially when my Father provides a Person every way so qualify'd for a Husband, as the famous Sir *Arthurb Addel.*

Sir Arth. I vow, Madam, you ravish me. Shall we be Married to night? [*apart to Julia.*]

Single. How Ambiguous she is? Was ever Man so parted in two between Happiness and Misery?— [*apart.*]

Julia. To hold you all no longer in suspense, know, that I have now before my Eyes the Objects, both of my Scorn and my Esteem: The one by a just Title of Desert has possession of my Heart; The other by his bold and rude Addresses, has rais'd a just aversion in me, and contempt of his Person. After this Declaration let me see, which is that impudent Man, who dares continue in my presence? [*Exit Single.*]

Sir Arth. I, let him go: His guilty Conscience makes him fly — But Madam, you forgot your promise of binding him to the Peace; He's a troublesome unruly Fellow.

Julia. Oh, call him again.

Sir Arth. Mr. *Single*, Mr. *Single*; The Lady has something more to say to you—I protest, Sir, this is all her own doing; I had not the least in it: you must not be angry with me: [*apart to Single.*]

Julia. I have also this Command for him of you too, whom I love, that he shall not make the Pretensions of his Rival, any ground of a Difference or Quarrel.

Sir Arth. Madam, your Commands shall bind my hands: Though Rivalship be a hard thing to digest.

Julia. Mr. *Single*, Y'ave now your liberty to retire.

Roger. And pray Sir; let's see you here no more: It is my old Master's express Command, as well as my young Mistresses here. [*Exit Single.*]

Sir Arth. If he comes again, your Order, Madam, for a Cessation of Arms must cease, become void, and of no effect.

Julia. I hope, Sir *Arthurb*, he will be so discreet, as not to put you upon desperate courses: But should the worst happen, 'tis but unchaining your Mastiff Dog.

Sir Arth. If he makes me do so, he shall e'en answer himself for all the mischief that's done.

Julia. And so he may, without holding up his hand at the Barr. But, Sir, *Arthurb*, the freshness of the Evening warns me to retire; I know you'll callant me to my Lodging.

The Cautious Coxcomb.

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Sir *Arth.* O yes, Madam——Poor thing! She can't live a moment without me. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Peregreen, and Woodland's Man in riding Apparel.

Pereg. But art thou sure my Father will be here to night?

Serv. Yes, Sir. He comes in company with one Mr.——(Faith, Sir, I've forgot his name) a rich Merchant newly arriv'd from the *Indies*: And he sent me before to find you out, that he might not fail to speak with you about some very earnest business, as soon as he came to Town.

Pereg. What should this business be?

Servant. I believe, Sir, I can tell you something of it, by what I have over-heard.

Pereg. Prethee what is't?

Servant. Your Worship then must promise to keep my Counsel: otherwise I shall gain a great deal of ill will with my old Master, first for over-hearing, and then revealing his private Discourses.

Pereg. Take my word for thy Security.

Servant. That I will for all I'm worth: And, to tell you truly, Sir, I did e'en long to be the first, that should bring you this good News.

Pereg. Good News? Of what?

Servant. Of being Marry'd out of hand to a young Lady, who, (they say) is vastly rich, and hugely handsome.

Pereg. And do'st thou call this good News? I had rather thou had'st told me, That to Morrow I must have gone to Goal, nay more to Execution; For in one, a man may hope to be released from Misery, and the other is an end of it: But, to be Marry'd so soon, and having newly tasted Liberty, to have it snatcht away from me for ever, is more than I can suffer. No: My Father must excuse me; all other things he may do of himself without me; but, Marriage is a Work, which I must do, not he.

Servant. I hope, Sir, you are not in earnest; For, by all that I can perceive, my Master's heart is so set upon this business——

Enter Single.

Pereg. Well, well; You may go rest your self after your Journey.

Servant. But, where shall I find you, Sir, when your Father comes?

Pereg. Either here, or under the Arches in *Covent-Garden*.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Dear *Single*, Fortune has at last decreed, as we are joynd in Friendship, to joyn us in Adversity.

Single. What's the matter?

Pereg. I have told you many passages of Love between *Betty* and me; But, I never fully confess'd to you, how deep the impression was she has made upon my heart. Ah *Single*! she's the very same thing in every respect to me, that the fair *Julia* is to you.

Single.

Single. If this declaration of Love be in earnest, I doubt y^e are past the Core of Reason: O herwise, I should endeavour to dissuade my dear *Peregrine* from a Passion, (if it tend to Marriage) every way so unequal to him.

Peregrine. Art thou a Lover thy self, and, Can'st thou talk of inequality in Love.

Single. I've done; You shall hear no more from me: But, pray, give me leave to be sorry.

Peregrine. You misplace your Sorrow; 'Tis not here that I want it: But, what I now shall tell you, will too justly deserve the compassion of a Friend. Whil'st my Affections are thus unalterably pre-engag'd, just now my Father comes to Town with a positive determination (as I'm inform'd) of matching me to one of his own providing, whose Person, and Fortune (they say) are such, as to render my disobedience to him unexcusable in the Eyes of the World. Judge then in what condition I am: Uncertain of my Love; for, she's in the hands of my Enemy, her Goaler *Evans*; and only certain of my Father's just indignation.

Single. Methinks, your Passion for *Betty* in so short a time should not have taken such deep roots, but that another might be planted in the room on't, when a Fortune is offer'd by your Father, so much above her in Quality and Estate, and perhaps not inferiour in Beauty.

Peregrine. Deal more justly with a Friend: Is it in your power not to love *Julia*? Nor is it more in mine to relinquish *Betty*. No; whatever befalls me, I'm resolv'd this very Night to get her into my possession, and then Marry her: Which being done, I shall endeavour to obtain my Fathers Pardon, for what I could not gain his Consent.

Single. Well, Sir; since I cannot serve you with my Counsel, at least I offer you my Person, to assist you in the execution of your design.

Peregrine. No (dear *Single*;) I know your own occasions of a like nature require your whole attendance: Besides, I look upon your Father, as a more proper Instrument for me in this Work. He's already acquainted with it; and has promis'd secrecy; and his Person (being a Man of years) appearing at *Betty's* Lodging, will be less subject to the suspicion of old *Evans*. Moreover, by employing him, I hope to get a sight of his intended Bride; for, in all my own Distractions, I cannot be unmindful of your Concerns.

Single. Your Generosity may teach the World new Lessons of Friendship, whilst even in your own Distress you continue such care for me: Thanks to my Stars, my heart is now at some ease concerning *Julia's* constancy: I confess, she frighted me at first with that very Vizard, which I bid her put on; But since, through that Disguise, she has artificially cast such beams of Comfort on me, as have reviv'd my drooping Spirits.

Peregrine. May Fortune continue her smiles upon you. Farewell; I must to your Father about my business.

Single. And I must find out Sir *Arthur*, to renew a strict League of Amity with him. May we both prosper!

[Exeunt *Peregrine* and *Single*.
Enter

The Cautious Coxcomb.

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Enter Sir Salomon, and Mrs. Betty.

Sir Salom. Betty, Have you said your Prayers to day?

Betty. O yes, Sir.

Sir Salom. And, D'ee know what 'tis to die?

Betty. To die? I remember I saw one of my Nurfes Daughter; die in the Country.

Sir Salom. And, How did you like it?

Betty. O, very ill: She was a pretty Girl before; but, when she was dead, I was afraid to look upon her.

Sir Salom. Betty, you must die; and die presently.

Betty. No sure, Sir; For I'm as well, as ever I was in my life.

Sir Salom. How unconcernedly she answers?—— [*Apart.* I say again, within this quarter of an hour you must die.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, you fright me; and yet I can't see any danger of death.

Sir Salom. Wicked Girl! Look upon thy Treason against thy Lord, and Master; thy Ingratitude to thy Benefactor; thy Falseness to him, that must be thy Husband: Remember the Letter thou drop't to day in the Street; and then look upon me, and tell me, do'st thou see no danger of death?—— What, are you dumb? —— Why don't you answer? you can't speak to me; but you can write to your lewd Gallant?

Betty. You put me in such a fright, that I am not able to speak.

Sir Salom. Hush, you were not afraid to break my Commands, to betray me, to be strumpeted by a wild young Fellow: In all Mischief y'are bold enough; but, when you are to hear your faults, and to answer for your Crimes, then your Fears come upon you!

Betty. I can't speak for my life, when you look so terribly upon me: look but as you use to do, and I'll answer you any thing.

Sir Salom. How in spight of my teeth she breaks the force of my Anger, and disarms it with her softness!—— Tell me then, Why did you write that Letter, after I had forbid you all Communication with him?

Betty. I writ it, because it goes against my Nature to hurt any body; And, since you would needs have me throw that great Stone at him, I could not chuse but let him know, I did it against my will.

Sir Salom. O, how tender you are in hurting him! whilst at the same time you make nothing of breaking my heart, destroying my happiness, ruining my Reputation, who have been a Nurse, a Father, and would have been a Husband to thee.

Betty. Indeed I'm beholding to you for your care of me; And, when I'm able, I'll satisfy you for it.

Sir Salom. Satisfie me? How the Gipsy words it! How can't thou satisfy me for all the good I have done to thee, and all the mischief thou hast done to me?

Betty.

Betty. God forbid I should do you any mischief: I know of none I have done you.

Sir Salom. What Devil has taught thee to sin thus without Remorse? Thy Ignorance cannot excuse thee: For, have I not daily instructed thee for two years together in thy Obedience and duty of a Wife? Have I not hourly inculcated into thee, That thou ought'st not so much as to look upon a young Man; and that thou wert born and made to no other end, but to love me?

Betty. Truly, Sir, I love you as well as I can; and if I love you no better 'tis not my fault; you should make your self more lovely.

Sir Salom. How innocently she stabs me with her Answers! [*apart.* No, Gipsy, you can love well enough when y'ave a mind to't, and where you should not: You can love an impudent Ravisher, who comes to deflower thee, and leave thee a forlorn prostituted thing, abandon'd to Beggary and Shame; him thou can'st love: But me, who have rais'd thee from nothing, bred thee as my Child, made thee Mistress both of my Heart and Fortune; me thou can'st not love: I (forsooth) must make my self more Lovely.

Betty. What would you ha' me do? I'll do any thing I can, to give you content.

Sir Salom. Then I command you to renounce all manner of kindness to this bold Assaulter of your Honour and mine, and never more to see him, nor so much as think upon him.

Betty. That's impossible for me to do; for now I know him I must love him, and see him too when I may.

Sir Salom. O impudence! to tell me this to my face? Had she been bred in the most famous Schools of Iniquity? Had she been Prentice all her Life to the ablest She-Professors of the Trade? Could she have own'd her Transgression with a more daring Confidence? Since thou art so impenitent and hardned in thy Sin, expect no Mercy—— Behold this. [*He draws his Sword.*] Art thou not afraid of my Anger? I hope, now th'art to die thou'lt repeat thee of thy Sins; and, above all, of thy abominable Love of this wicked Man, who has so bewitch'd thee.

Betty. Sure you won't kill me: But if you should, I must not leave the World with a Lie in my Mouth, and say, I don't Love this young Man; for indeed I can't chuse but love him: And I think it is no Sin when I can't help it.

Sir Salom. How she argues the Case! Where has she learn'd this Cunning and this undauntedness? Ah! she holds intelligence with my Heart, and knows the power she has there, which grows stronger and stronger upon me, in spite of all her Neglect to me, and Love to my Rival—— Here, *Betty*, do you take this Sword: Take it and kill me. For all the Care I have had of thee; for all that I have done, and meant to do for thee (since thou wilt not Love me) I ask thee no other Reward.

Betty.

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Betty. Indeed, Sir, I would not Kill you, though 'twere to save my own Life: And I'll endeavour to Love you as well as ever I can.

Sir Salom. Nay, unless you'll Love me better than that young Man, I must die.

Betty. No, pray don't: What are you the worse because I Love him? You shan't lose a Farthing by it. To content you, I should be glad with all my Heart, I had never seen him, and did not Love him: But now 'tis done, who can help it?

Sir Salom. How immovable she is! Neither Threats nor Kindness work upon her. Well, Marry her I will, and take my venture—

Betty, notwithstanding all your unkindness, I'll be as good as my word and Marry you.

Betty. Marry me? To whom?

Sir Salom. Ah, cruel Girl! Why dost thou stab me with such a question? Love me, or love me not, I'll be your Husband to Morrow.

Betty. Indeed, Sir, that's very short warning.

Sir Salom. No more words: I'll have it so. When thou see'st the Bravery and fine things I've prepared for thee, thou'lt be of a better mind.

Betty. If it must be so, I can't help it.

Sir Salom. Come, get you in; and pray to Heaven, that thou may'st be sensible of the happiness I intend thee. [Exit Betty.

[*Sir Salomon goes off the Stage the other way, and at the Door meets Peregrine coming in.*

Enter Peregrine.

Pereg. Sir Salomon, I have been in despair for want of seeing you; for you are my good Angel——

Sir Salom. And you my Devil—— [Apart.

Pereg. That must direct and assist me, and crown all your past favours with the most important kindness that I am capable of receiving.

Sir Salom. What is't, Sir?

Pereg. Only to deliver this Letter safely to my *Betty*: On her receipt of it depends no less, then the happiness of my Life. I dare not approach the House my self by day-light, because the Servants know me, who are now turn'd of old *Evans* his Party: Nor can I put my concerns in such trusty hands as yours.

Sir Salom. Does it require haste in the delivery?

Pereg. O, by all means: The Lodging is close by; 'Tis a Corner House, with a Balcony that looks into the Fields here, next to *Swan-Ally*: You may see the House from hence. Now, Sir, the way to deliver it, that neither Old *Evans*, nor his Household-Spies may see it, is to tie it to something, and then toss it up into the Balcony: By the manner of the conveyance *Betty* will presently know whence it comes, and how to behave her self: And this is the proper time of doing it;

for at this hour she always comes out in the Balcony, to take a little fresh Air in the Evening; it being all the liberty allow'd her by her Jaylor.

Sir Salom. Well, Sir, This is all.

Pereg. It imports me likewise, that you should know the business. My passion for *Betty* is now come to that height, that I'm resolv'd instantly to Marry her. But (most unfortunately to my Designs) my Father comes this night to Town; and with a resolution (as I am certainly inform'd) to strike up a Bargain of Marriage for me of his own driving. In these Streights I have no expedient left to prevent his purpose, and to execute my own, but to get possession of *Betty*, and Marry her out of hand. Though my Father's present dissatisfaction may be great, yet, I hope, Time will mollifie him; And I doubt not but your good Offices will much contribute towards it.

Sir Salom. You may be sure of me. But when d'ee purpose to get possession of your Mistriss?

Pereg. This very Night, as soon as 'tis dark; for by that time *Evans* always retires to his own Quarters.

Sir Salom. But what place of security have you to lodge her in, when y've brought her off?

Pereg. There lies my greatest difficulty; and, were it not too bold a Petition, I should think no place so safe and honourable for her reception as your House, only for a day or two, till I have made her my Wife: But, Sir, I have trespass'd already too far upon your generosity, and dare transgress no further.

Sir Salom. O, Sir, your modesty does me wrong, to mistrust the kindness of a Friend, is the greatest sin in Friendship. Bring her when you will, you shall find that my House is her Home.

Pereg. You surpass all Men living in the noble Art of obliging a Friend. But, upon reflection, since y'are to be Marry'd your self to morrow, I fear her coming at such a time may prove unseasonable.

Sir Salom. So far from it, that I'm resolv'd not to be Marry'd without her.

Pereg. You are generous to that excess, that you leave me not a possibility of being grateful. And now, Sir, I have nothing more to beg of you, but the Honour of kissing your Ladies hands before her Marriage, that I may obtain an early place in her favour, by letting her know what my Obligations are to you.

Sir Salom. Matters of Compliment and Curiosity require no haste: But, since you so much desire it, I give you my word, That when you bring Mrs. *Betty* to me, you shall then see my Wife.

Pereg. You make me happy every way, except in this, that I owe you more than I am worth; and are forc'd, like other Bankrupts, to compound my Debts, begging you to accept those small Services I can pay, in lieu of the vast Summ that's due.

Sir Salom. O, Sir, you mistake in the Account between us: I am yet in your Arrears, which I shall endeavour to discharge out of hand,
by

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by serving you in this business concerning Mrs. Betty, as I ought.

Pereg. Dear Sir Salomon, Farewell; and good luck attend you.

[Exit Peregreen.

Sir Salom. Doubt not, young Man, I'll serve you as I ought;

As Men serve Vermin, that in Traps are caught.

[Exit Sir Salomon.

The Fifth Act.

Enter Sir Salomon and Timothy.

Timothy.

WHat? Kick your Steward? The Supream Head of the Family; under your Worship? 'Tis such an Affront done to my Office, as I cannot in Honour put up: Therefore, as I said before,

here are my Keys, and here are my Accounts; and so I take my leave.

Sir Salom. Nay, prithee *Timothy*, be pacify'd: Good-natur'd Men (thou know'st) are subject to Passion.

Timot. But Stewards, Sir, are not subject to be kick'd. Shew me but one President for it amongst all those of my Profession, and I'll be bound to be your Worship's Foot-ball as long as I live.

Sir Salom. Indeed the Case is extraordinary; and so was the Cause; and so shall the Satisfaction be; for, *Timothy*, I'll give thee in amends, a Child's Life in thy Copy-hold.

Timot. Well, Sir, since 'tis your seeking, I accept of the Reparation — Sir, I have two or three Children more yet unprovided for; if your Worship will be pleas'd to kick them into Livings too, I stand ready to have their Fines laid upon me.

Sir Salom. So, so, I'm glad we're friends again. Now call in my Family; for I have something of consequence } *Timothy whistles and*
which I must propound to you all. Come for- } *the Servants enter.*
wards: If any body here thinks his Work too much, or his Wages too little, or his Lodging and Fare too hard, *Timothy*, I order you to give him all reasonable satisfaction.

All. God bless your Worship.

Sir Salom. And I doubt not, on your parts, but y'are all ready to serve my Person, and vindicate my Honour, as occasion shall require.

All. Our Lives are at your Service.

Sir Salom. Know then, that this very moment I am actually assaulted by an insolent young Fellow, who, to night Plots no less Mischief, than to Ravish my Bride.

Timot. What manner of Death would your Worship have him die?

Sir Sa'om. No; let not his Punishment be Capital nor Sanguinary, but load him with as many Blows, and as much Infamy as you can.

Sir SALOMON; Or,

Timot. Shew us but the Man, and your Worship shall see that we are as able to serve you in chastising your Enemies, as entertaining your Friends.

Enter Mr. Woodland's Servant.

W. Serv. Pray, Gentlemen, can you direct me to the Lodging of Sir Salomon Single?

Timot. Friend, there's Sir Salomon himself.

W. Serv. Squire Woodland, my Master, commanded me to let you know, that he is newly come to Town upon some business, in which your Worship is concern'd; and desires he may speak with you before you go to Bed.

Sir Salom. Friend, tell thy Master, that if I can possibly, I'll wait upon him: Where's his Lodging?

W. Serv. At a Barbers, next door to the Fleece-Tavern in Southamp-ton-Buildings.

Sir Salom. Very well———*apart*———In what a seasonable hour this Old Man come to Town, to see the Iniquity of his Son Chastis'd? However, my Person shall not appear upon the Stage in this Tragedy; I'll only prompt behind the Curtain.

[*Exeunt Sir Salomon and his Servants.*]

W. Serv. Where shall I find my young Master now, the Lord knows. This was one of the places he appointed——

Enter Single and Peregrine, looking upon his Watch.

Pereg. The time draws near; yet, did'st thou know (*Single*) with what panting expectation I long to be posses'd of my Treasure, thou would'st pity the Torment which each Moment brings me, by interposing it self between me and my Happiness.

W. Serv. O, Sir, well met! My old Master's newly come to Town, and by all means must speak with you instantly.

Pereg. Peace, Screech-Owl! I think that Fellow was born to bring me ill news.

W. Serv. In troth, Sir, I think so too: For if to Marry a rich handsome Lady, and to see your Father, after so long an absence, be ill News, I'm sure I can bring you none that's good.

Pereg. Ah, *Single*! What shall I do? I must not disappoint *Betty*; and I should not neglect my Father.

Single. None can tell you better than I, what the danger is of disgusting a Father, though innocently: And yet I'm too much a Lover my self to advise a breach of Promise with your Mistress. To satisfy both, you must defer your going to *Betty* for an hour or thereabouts. Your Father must needs be weary after his Journey, and cannot hold you long: And, that she may not think her self disappointed by you, write a Note to her, to let her know the occasion.

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Pereg. But who shall deliver it ?

Single. Had not I a private Summons from *Julia* to meet her just at this time, I'd be your Man : But, you may send your Father's Servant there.

Pereg. Send him ? He scarce knows the Town by day ; much less by night.

Enter Sir Arthur Addel.

What makes this Fool come to disturb us now ?

Single. O, pray bear with him : By a special command from *Julia*, I am now enter'd into a strict League of Amity with him. Faith, ee'n send him with the Note ; and you'l do me a particular kindness in it, for otherwise, he'l stick upon me like a Burr, and disappoint my meeting with *Julia*.

Pereg. With all my heart,

Sir Arth. Why, Gentlemen, Where have you been ? These two long hours I have done nothing but hunt after you.

Single. Well, Sir, For what ?

Sir Arth. Faith, I have made a discovery of the rarest *Champaign* Wine in Town : Prethee let's go, and fill our Earthen Vessels with it ;

For we are but brittle Clay,

Then let's be Merry whilst we may.

Single. O brave *Arthur of Bradly* ! The Motion's good in it self, but not seas'nable for us at this time ; for, we have business, in which you must do a Friends part.

Sir Arth. Thou know'st (Man) I love Business ; What is't ? Quickly.

Single. Only to deliver a Note for our friend *Peregreen* here : But 'tis of high Concern, for there's a Mistress in the Case ; and therefore we chuse a Man of Ability for the Employment.

Sir Arth. Come, give it me ; I long to be in Action.

Pereg. You shall have it immediately. [*Peregreen writes.*

Sir Arth. Faith, *Single*, never let's break good company :

Prethee, come along with me, when I deliver this Note.

Single. Could I have gone, you should not have had the trouble on't ; But, I am pre-ingag'd.

Sir Arth. Prethee, Where ?

Single. Why——to tell you, as a Friend, I have an appointment just now to receive a little Money ; and that's a business (you know) I must not neglect.

Sir Arth. Hang Money : A Friends company is better than it, at any time,

Single. Why, there's the difference between us two now : You have too much Money, and want Company ; and I have too much Company, and want Money.

Pereg. Well, Gentlemen, I have done. *Sir Arthur*, Have you a Watch about you ?

Sir

Sir *Arth.* No, Sir, not I.

Pereg. Here, take mine; and precisely at half an hour past eight, deliver this Note to a young Lady at the corner-House that has a Balcony, which looks into *Holborn-fields*, next to *Swan-Alley*.

Sir *Arth.* I know the place.

Pereg. But you must knock gently at the back door of the Garden, to'ards the Fields; and when she appears, give her the Note, and tell her, He who sent it, will be with her about an hour hence, or sooner if he can.

Sir *Arth.* Take no further care: your business shall be punctually done.

Pereg. Y'are an obliging person, Sir *Arth.*—— Come *Harry*; Now I am for my Father. [Exit *Pereg.* and *W. Servant*:

Sir *Arth.* But hark'ee, Mr. *Single*; Did not you tell me, that this *Peregreen* was one of my Rivals; I vow now (upon better consideration) Why should I do such a kindness for an Enemy? for ought that I know, there may be some trick in't.

Single. 'Tis true, I did tell you, that he was then newly enter'd the List of your Rivals: But now (take my word for't) he's so far from it, that he's engaged elsewhere: And this kindness which you are now to do for him, relates to his new Amour.

Sir *Arth.* Nay, I'll take your word for't——

Enter Mr. Wary.

O, Father-in-law?

Single. Sir *Arthur*, farewell.

Sir *Arth.* God buy, Sir.

Wary. I'm glad I've found you at last; for, I sent my Man all the Town over too look you.

Sir *Arth.* And now you have me, What have you to say to me?

Wary. You must needs come away immediately with me to my Lawyer's Chamber.

Sir *Arth.* Excuse me, Sir; I must not.

Wary. I have appointed a Meeting about the Marriage-writings, and both our Counsel are already there.

Sir *Arth.* There let 'em wait; I'll pay 'em by the hour.

Wary. I thought, Sir, you had been more in haste, and more pressing in matters that concern your Affection to my Daughter.

Sir *Arth.* Nay, take it not ill, good Sir: your Daughter and I understand one another very well; we don't stand upon such Punctilio's.

Wary. I am afraid she understands you but too well. [apart.

Sir *Arth.* Let me see—— What a Clock is't now? Some half an hour hence I can be there; till then Mr. Lawyer must have patience, [He looks on the Watch.

Wary. Well, Sir, if it must be so, then I'll go before: But first, pray, Sir, let me give you a little good advice.

Sir *Arth.* You need not, Sir; we shall go to Counsel within this half hour.

Wary.

Wary. 'Tis the Advice of a Friend, not of a Lawyer, that I would give you. I perceive that you are very much in the company of this *Mr. Single*, who, in my judgment, is, for several Respects, a person very unfit and dangerous for you to converse with: First, he has a great deal of VVit, and no Means ———

Sir Arth. VWhich is to say, I have a great deal of Means and no VVit——Go on, Sir.

Wary. Not so neither. In the next place, he is, or has been your Rival to'rds my Daughter: Now judge you, what Friendship you can expect from an indigent Man, whom you have dispossest of all hopes to raise his sunk Fortune?

Sir Arth. Hark'ee, Sir, You are Mrs. *Julias* Father, are you not?

Wary. Yes, Sir. What makes you ask such a Question?

Sir Arth. 'Tis well you are: Otherwise I should be bold to tell you, that I'am already provided of a wiser Governor than your Worship, by name, *Sir Arthur Addel*. S'iddikins, I have lived to a fair Age, if every old Man must take upon him to be my Tutor.

Wary. I'm sorry my good Will's lost upon you. However, pray fail not to come according to your promise. [Exit Wary.]

Sir Arth. No, no——

[He looks on the Watch.]

Gods so; whilst I have been talking idly with this old Fellow, I have almost slipt the time of my business——Where shall I find this Lodging now?——I was but an Ass (to say the truth) for undertaking this Owl light employment——How dark 'tis grown all of a sudden?——Let me see; This must be the Houle.

Sir Arthur knocks, and Sir Solomon's Men rush forth, and lay hold of him.

Enter Timothy and Servants.

Oh! oh!

Tim. Suffer patiently; y'had best: If you make a Noise, you die for't.

Sir Arth. Quickly, quickly; pray take my Money and my Cloaths, and use me gently.

Tim. If he speaks one word more, cut his Throat——No, Sir; your Punishment must not be Pecuniary, but Corporal: your Crime is Letchery; and, the Body must suffer for the Sins of the Flesh.

Sir Arth. Murder! murder! murder!

[They beat him.]

[He sprawles like a dying Man, and then stretches out as dead.]

Tim. What? Is he dead?

1 *Serv.* Some unlucky blow has hit him under the Ear.

2 *Serv.* Pox take him for a Chicken-hearted Fellow, to die so soon.

Tim. Unfortunate men, that we are! What will become of us?

3 *Serv.* The Gallows take the hindmost, I cry.

The Third Man runs away, and all the rest follow.

Ralph

Ralph peeps out of Mrs. Bettys Lodgings twice, or thrice,
Sir Salomon comes forth.

Sir Salom. What's the Matter?— The Rogues have undone me by thus over-doing their Work ! This will cover me with shame, and infamy, and bring in question my Life, and Estate! What shall I do ? Whither shall I fly—I hear the noise of Justice——
[Sir Salom. flies away.

Enter the Constable and the Watch.

1 Watchman. I'm sure I heard a cry of Murder—— Look Neighbour, here has been Mischief done. The Man is dead.

2 Watchman. Come, let's carry him off.

Constable. No, no ; let's first call the Coroner ; 'Tis dangerous meddling, till he has fate upon the dead Body ; after that, he may be buried out of the way.

[*Exeunt Constable and Watch.*

Sir Arthur looks up.

Sir Arth. How ? Carry me off, and Bury me, said they ? I'll shew 'em a trick worth two on't.

{ *He runs to the end of the Stage,*
and then turns back,

'Tis better dying of ones own accord, as I have done, then by compulsion of others, as I must have done. [*Exit Sir Arthur.*

Ralph peeps first, and then Enters.

Ralph. What ? all run away ? and the dead Man too ? Then I'll e'en run too for Company. [*Ralph runs away.*

Enter Betty, with a Basket in her hand, and Alice.

Betty. What was this Noise, and out-cry, which we heard ? Pray God there be no hurt done.

Alice. Yes, but there is hurt done ; For, I heard 'em say, he was kill'd ?

Betty. Kill'd ? Tell me quickly, Who's kill'd ?

Alice. As long as you are alive, What need you trouble your self ?

Betty. Thou naughty Wench ; I could find in my heart to beat thee : Tell me, I say, Who was kill'd ?

Alice. I did not see him ; but, I believe, 'tis the young Man that us'd to come hither, by what I could over-hear.

Betty.

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Betty. Where are the Rogues that did it? I'll kill 'em with my own Hands; or, if I can't, I'll kill my self. Help me, *Alice*, to find them out.

Alice. Nay, Pray Mistress, have Patience.

Betty. I will not have Patience: I'll either be reveng'd on them, or on her, for whose sake he was killed.

Alice. Why Mistress; now I think on't, if any body had been kill'd, we should have seen him lie here: But here's no sign of any hurt done.

Enter Peregreen.

Betty. Who's there?

Alice. O, Mistress, run away: Here are more of the Rogues.

Betty. Thou Coward! I'll at 'em, and fly in their Faces.

Peregreen. What? *Betty*?

Betty. Is't you?

Alice. I Mistress; 'tis 'een he, whom you thought to be Dead.

Betty. O Lord! I was afraid, y' had been kill'd.

Peregreen. No, Dear *Betty*; I was only hinder'd from coming at my Hour; And I sent thee word on't——But this is no place for us to stand talking in. Come, *Betty*; now I have thee in my Possession, I'll put thee in a safe place, far enough out of the reach of thy Jaylor *Evans*.

Betty. But, Will you Marry me?

Peregreen. Ah *Betty*! Why art thou so cruel, as to make a doubt on't? I'll rather die, than not Marry thee——What hast thou in thy Hand there? Give me thy Basket; it troubles thee to carry it.

Betty. Then (pray) have a great care on't, and let it not go out of your Hands; for there is a Writing in't, which I'm to'd, is worth me a great deal.

Peregreen. I warrant you; I'll not part from 't.

Enter Sir Salomon Muffled up in his Cloak.

Whose that?——*Sir Salomon*?——Most fortunately met, to relieve me in Distress! Here, Sir, I have now my Jewel to consign into your hands; Pray have a care of her, as of my Life. I broke away with violence from my Father to look after this Treasure; but, I'm oblig'd to return immediately to him. Pray lose notime, but Lodge her safely in your House: For, I apprehend the pursuit of old *Evans*. Within this Hour I hope to be with you. Dear *Betty*, for a little while, farewell.

Betty. What? Will you leave me so soon?

Peregreen. I'll be with thee again immediately: In the mean time I leave thee in a Friends Hands, who will have the same care of thee that I have.

[*Exit Peregreen.*

Sir Salom. Gipsy, D'ee know me?

[*Betty shrieks.*

Keep in your shrill Notes; or I shall stop your Wind-Pipe for you.

I

What?

What? Did your Gallant lie strecht out upon the Floor like a Fox, to run away with the Poultry? Once more I have thee in my Hands: Let him snap thee again, and I leforgive him, and thee too——Come away, quickly, y' had best.

[Exit Betty, and Sir Salomon into his own Lodging.

Enter the Constable and Watch with Sir Arthur in Custody.

Constable. Hold your self contented ; Wee'l not part with you so : You'r a very suspicious Person ; for immediately after the Fact committed, we found you running away.

Sir Arth. Pray, Mr. Constable, believe me ; Indeed I'm an honest Man.

Constable. Clear your self before the Justice, and I'm satisfy'd : But, thither you must.

Sir Arth. Am not I finely serv'd ? Now shall I be Hang'd for killing my self.

1. *Watchman.* Neighbour, the Rogues, since we were here, have carry'd away the Body.

Sir Arth. Friend, you are mistaken ; The Body carry'd away it self.

2. *Watchman.* How the Man talks ? Sure he's Mad.

3. *Watchman.* I, Neighbour, they that shed Man's Blood are commonly so : 'Tis a Judgment upon Murtherers.

1. *Watchman.* To what Justice shall we carry him, Mr. Constable ?

Constable. To Justice Wary ; He's nighest at hand.

2. *Watchman.* I, he's as like to get him hang'd, as any Justice upon the Bench.

Sir Arth. Why, Mr. Constable ; What d'ee mean to do ? Upon my Reputation I am the Man that was kill'd.

1. *Watchman.* Away, away with him ; he's raving Mad : Derick must be his Doctor.

2. *Watchman.* This is the Justice's House.

Constable. Knock then.

Enter a Servant of Mr. Wary's.

Serv. What would you have ?

Constable. We have apprehended a Man here upon Suspicion of Murder ; and we have brought him to be Examind and Committed by his Worship.

Serv. That's well : I'll call my Master instantly ; He's but a little way off, at Grey's-Inn.

Constable. Pray make haste.

Sir Arth. Friend, friend ; 'tis I : Don't you know me ?

Serv. I know no Body, when he's in the hands of Justice. My Master shall be here strait

[Exit Servant.

Enter

Enter Single and Julia at the Corner of the Stage.

Julia. I did certainly hear Sir *Arthur Addell's* Voice. Look, where my Knight is, in the Constable's Clutches! Slip you away, whilst I go see, what the meaning is of this Tragy-Comedy. [*Exit Single.*]
Well, Mr. Constable; Who is't, that you have brought hither to my Father?

Const. Madam, A very wicked Man, without doubt: For, here was Murder committed close by; and, presently after, we caught him flying away, with as guilty a Countenance as ever I saw: and yet I have seen many in my time.

Julia. A very shrew'd presumption indeed.

Sir Arth. But, Madam, Don't you know me? All this while 'tis I, your Husband that must be, whom these Rogues abuse thus.

Julia. I'm the sorrier for't, Sir *Arthur*; that a Man of your Quality should run himself into such Enormities: I thought you had not been so bloody. And yet, 'tis no more than what your self have confess'd formerly to me; that, when your Courage is let loose, like a fierce Mastiff Dog, it falls upon all that comes in its way.

Sir Arth. Nay, but pray, Madam, hear me: Will you mistake the Matter too, like these Clod-pated Rascals here? I am the very Man, on whose Person all this Murder was committed; for I was set upon by Rogues, that would have kill'd me, but that I prevented 'em——

Julia. How? By killing 'em?

Sir Arth. No, no, Madam; by dying my self; or at least making them believe so: At which the Rogues took such a Fright for fear of hanging, that away run they; and away went I. Then come the Clutches of the Parish here, and, according to their usual Custom, seize me, who was the Person assaulted, and suffer the Rogues to make their escape.

Constable. A very pretty Story indeed! No, no; Mr. *Justice*, when he comes, won't be fobb'd off so.

Julia. In troth, Sir *Arthur*, 'tis so intricate a Case, that I can determine nothing in't, till my Father comes.

Sir Arth. Good Madam, make the Slaves release me: I would not for a World be seen in their Company by your Father.

Julia. I vow, Sir, I dare not intrench upon my Father's Authority; y'are now in the hands of the Law; and that must either quit you, or condemn you —— Neighbours, y'had best bring your Prisoner within doors till my Father comes.

Constable. Yes, Madam. Jogg on, Sir.

Sir Arth. Ill-natur'd-woman! I'll pay all thy Scores, when once thou art my Wife. [*Exit Sir Arthur, Julia, and the Watch.*]

Enter Peregreen and Single.

Pereg. Ah *Single*! What shall I do? Whil'ft I'm happy in the Possession of my Mistress, my Father is so violently bent upon this March of his own providing, that to oppose him openly in it, would certainly cause as wide a Breach in our Family, as is already (unfortunately) in yours. His impatience is such, that he will needs have me see her to night; to which end he tells me, She will immediately be brought to his Lodging. All I can hope, in this Business, is, when I see this young Lady, to let her know my former Engagement; that (if she be generous.) the Treaty may seem to break off on her side.

Enter Alice, running in.

Single. 'Tis your only Expedient, as the Case stands.

Alice. O, Sir; my Mistress *Betty* is stark staring mad: If I had not hindred her, she had thrown her self out at a Window; nor could I have held her hands from doing her self a Mischief, but that I promised her to find you out, and let you know in what Condition she is.

Pereg. For Heaven's sake, What's the matter?

Alice. She says, y'are the falsest Man living, to betray her thus, and quite undo her, for no other Fault, but loving you too much.

Pereg. Thy Words are so many Daggers to my Heart! what Cause can there be for this?

Alice. O, Sir, After she had put her self into your hands, why would you deliver her up again to Mr. *Evans*? who now watches her, as a Cat does a Mouse: Sometimes he threatens her, and sometimes he flatters her; and all won't do; for she's ready to flie in his Face, and bids him kill her; and says, that she hates him for his own sake, and all Mankind for yours.

Pereg. I am all horror and amazement! But this cannot be; for I put her into the hands of your Father, Sir *Salomon Single*.

Alice. Why so our Master *Evans* is now call'd at the new House where we are. He has chang'd his Name.

Pereg. Chang'd his Name! Are Sir *Salomon* and Mr. *Evans* the same Person?

Alice. Too sure.

Pereg. I'm lost, undone, ruin'd for ever! How fatally blind have I been? and now my Eyes are open'd to see nothing, but a vast Abyss of despair! —

Alice. But, What shall I say to her? for I dare not stay any longer: I ventur'd as much as my Life is worth, in coming out now.

Pereg. Tell her, *Alice*, That I'll claim her, as my Wife; and that I will not live a day to an end without being possess'd of her.

Alice.

The Cautious Coxcomb.

61

Alice. See you be as good as your Word.

[Exit Alice.]

Peregr. Now help me in this extremity! What shall I do?
How shall I keep my word?

Single. I confess my reason at first was dazzled with the surprise of such a mistake: But, upon reflection, since your Mistress has the Courage to resist Marrying my Father, the worst that can happen in this matter is Delay.

Peregr. That's too much for a Lover. But alas! I rowe against Wind and Tide, and the double opposition of both our Fathers.

Single. There being a Promise of Marriage between you and *Betty*, y've the Law o' your side against my Father; and, with your own, I hope, Nature will be your Friend. But you told me of a certain Writing which Mrs. *Betty* gave you to keep: Have you look'd upon't? Perhaps you may find something in't that may be useful to you in this present conjuncture.

Peregr. Alas, I've had no time to look upon't. Here'tis. [He takes it out.]

Enter Sir Salomon and Mr. Woodland discoursing.

Single. Forbear. Both our Fathers are here.

Sir Salom. Whatever you do, Sir, maintain the Authority of a Father; and, since you have provided so considerable a Match for him, make sure whil'st you may.

Woodl. I owe you much for your Friendly advice, which I intend to follow; and in order thereunto, I have now desir'd this Conference with you.

Peregr. See how he still labours to destroy me! [To *Single* apart.]

Woodl. O Son, are you there? 'Tis very well. Your Mistress will be here presently.

Sir Salom. But Sir, have a care, that ill Company seduce him not from his Obedience: They'll put a thousand Flams in his head.

[*Sir Salomon whispers to Woodland.*]

Single. Faith, *Peregrine*, I must take pity of my Father, and remove: for I'm too great an Eye-sore to him. I must needs see what's become of Sir *Arthur*, whom I left in a pleasant posture, attended by the Constable and the Watch. But I'll be back immediately.

[Exit *Single*.]

Whilst Sir Salomon and Mr. Woodland confer together, Peregrine reads the Writing.

Mr. Woodl. I protest, Sir, I'm sorry to hear y'are so unfortunate in your Son, of whom, in other respects, I've heard a very good Character given.

Sir Salom. 'Tis as I tell you; therefore have a care of yours——

[They whisper on.]

Enter

Enter Wary, Barter, and Servant.

Wary. Go tell the Constable, that if he be in haste he may bring his Pris'n^rer hither; for I'm engag'd and cannot come. [*Exit Servant.*

Pereg. Ah Heaven! I did not want this far- [*Meaning the Writing,* ther Evidence to let me see from what State of happiness I'm fall'n into the bottom of despair.

Wary. Mr. *Barter*, I must confess, that the Health and Prosperity of my Friend, after so long a despair of his being alive, is the greatest joy of my life.

Barter. I owe much to Heaven in my Preservation, and not a little to my Friends for their concern in it: But, Sir, the favour I ask at present is this; I have a business of great Importance with one Sir *Solomon Single*, a Person unknown to me: And, because you are my only acquaintance of Credit and Note here in Town, I desire your presence and assistance in it.

Wary. You may command me——Very fortunately there is the Party you wish for, Sir *Salomon Single*.

Sir Salom. Therefore, Sir, be not delay'd with Excuses, but dispatch it instantly.

Woodl. Sir, I thank you; Your Counsel shall be follow'd.

Pereg. How he persecutes me to Death! [*apart.*

Barter. Sir, though I'm a stranger to your Person, yet I suppose Mr. *Woodland* may now have inform'd you of a Match concluded between his Son and my Daughter.

Sir Salom. Sir he has inform'd me of a considerable Fortune which his Fatherly care has provided for his Son; for which I heartily give him Joy; and if your Daughter be the intended Bride, I give you the like; and shall take this as a happy rise to begin our Acquaintance. Methinks, Gentlemen, matters of so happy a consequence can never be dispatcht too soon: I see no reason why the Wedding should not be to Morrow.

Pereg. How implacable is his Rage!

Barter. Agreed.

Woodl. Agreed.

Barter. Then, Sir *Salomon*, there wants nothing to compleat what you in so friendly manner advise, and we so passionately desire, but your concurrence: For my Daughter, I understand, is in your Custody, who took her out of the Nurfs hands, with whom I left her before my Voyage into the *Indies*.

Sir Salom. Ha! What's this?

Barter. When you receiv'd her, she might well appear to be an object of your Charity: All my Friends, at that time, gave me for lost, in regard the Ship which transported me, foundred at Sea: And the several accidents of my life since have hindred me from giving them an account of my safety. But the bounty of Heaven having now at last restor'd

restor'd me to my Country, my Estate, and my Child, I shall make you ample Compensation for the Charge of her Breeding, with infinite thanks for your Care of her.

Pereg. Sir! let me fall down, and ask you the greatest Blessing that Man can receive! Is that Mrs. *Betty*, in the Custody of Sir *Salomon*, your Daughter? And is it she, whom Heaven and you have design'd for my Wife?

Barter. The very same.

Sir Salom. Sir, the Story you tell, is no sufficient Evidence for me, to relinquish that Right of Adoption, which I have in her.

Barter. For your fuller satisfaction, here is the Nurse her self, who calls you Landlord, from whose hands you receiv'd my Daughter.— Pray call her in. [Exit Servant.]

Sir Salom. However, she's already my Wife; and; as such, I'll keep her.

Enter Timothy, and Ralph in haste.

Timothy. The young Lady, Sir, in spite of all our Vigilance, has made an escape in Company of the Maid-Servant that waits on her: They leap'd out at a lower Window into the Street, and took their flight this way.

Sir Salom. 'Tis in vain to struggle any longer against the Perverseness of Fate! [Apart:]

Enter Betty and Alice running.

Betty to Peregreen. False, and hard-hearted Man! Why wouldst thou betray her, who did thee no hurt, and meant thee so well? Here, satisfy thy Malice, and kill me thy self, rather than deliver me over to be tormented by Mr. *Evans*.

Pereg. Ah, dear *Betty*! be not so cruel, to make a Crime of that Error which I have smarted so deeply for. However, if by mistake I put thee into the hands of thy Jaylor, (to make thee amends) I now (knowingly) restore thee to the Embraces of thy Father; That so by his Gift I may confirm the Title of my love.

Betty. Is this my Father?

Enter Servant and Nurse.

Nurse. Pretty, sweet Mistress! How glad am I to see you grown so proper a young Woman? God's blessing on my Landlord's heart, Sir *Salomon* there, for giving you such good keeping: And, Mistress, I hope, now your Father's Worship is come home again, he'll provide a good Husband for you.

Betty. Art thou sure, *Nurse*, this is my Father?

Nurse.

Nurse. I'm sure he told me so above a dozen years ago.

Betty. I do believe it; for methinks, at first sight I lov'd him better, than ever I lov'd any old Man in my life. Pray, Sir, give me your Blessing.

Barter. Take it, (my only Child) and with it this Gentleman for thy Husband; who, I perceive, is no unwelcome Present to you.

Sir Salom. Heart, since thou needs must break, go, break alone, And rob 'em of the pleasure to look on. [Exit Sir Salom. and Tim.]

Ralph. Mistress, Mistress! As sure as can be, our Master Evans is gone to die in a Corner, like a poison'd Rat behind the Hangings.

Betty. Follow him, *Ralph*; and take care of him.

Ralph. No, I thank you, good Mistress. If he be gone to die, I'll e'en stay with you: The living are better Company than the dead.

Enter Julia, Single, Sir Arthur, Constable and Watch.

Constable. Gentlemen, by'r leave; His Majesties business must take place, and be first serv'd. Is Justice Wary here?

Wary. Well, Friend; What would you?

Constable. I've brought a dangerous Person before your Worship upon suspicion of Murder.

Wary. What? Sir Arthur? Is this the Equipage you Woo my Daughter in?

Sir Arth. If you don't punish these Rogues for abusing me thus, I'll have nothing to do with the Daughter of a Justice as long as my Name is Arthur.

Wary. I must punish no Body for duly executing his Office. Let me hear the Matter.

Constable. Upon an Out-cry of Murder, we presently run to the place; where we found a Man stretcht all along, to our seeming dead: Presently after we met this Sir Arthur (as he calls himself) running away at a very guilty rate. Hereupon we seiz'd him; and now your Worship may do with him as you think best.

Julia. Pray, Sir, let me speak a good word for him: I dare swear, Sir Arthur is not guilty of Murder.

Single. Meeting my Friend in distress, I could not chuse but come, and offer to be his Bail.

Wary. Not so fast———This smells of a Trick———What say you, Sir Arthur?

Sir Arthur. Why, I say, I was the Man that was set upon, that cry'd Murder, that lay dead, and now am apprehended for it.

Wary. And were you the Man that run away too after you were dead.

Sir Arthur. Yes, marry was I; and so would you have done too, good Mr. Justice, had you been in my place.

Wary. It may be so. *Constable,* you may release your Prisoner, and go home.

Sir Arthur. And, Is this all the satisfaction I shall have for the Affront done me?

Pereg. Pray, Sir, let me entreat you to do him all the right you can; for, by some Circumstances in this matter, I have reason to fear, these Sufferings have befall'n him upon my account.

Sir Arthur. Yes, marry, have they; a Pox o'th' Employment you put me upon. If ever I carry Love-Letters more for you, or any man living, you shall write Letters in my Forehead with a hot Iron.

Pereg. But, Did this Misfortune happen to you at the House, where I directed you?

Sir Arthur. Just there, as if y'had sent me for that very purpose. I had no sooner knockt, but out fly four Men, or Devils, (I can't tell which) and having told me, That my Sin was Letchery, (which I vow now I did not know till then) they tormented my Carcass at such a rate, as would have quickly mortify'd for ever all concupiscence in me.

Pereg. *Sir Arthur*, I am bound in honour to be more than ordinary sensible of your disaster; For I was not only the occasion of it, (though innocently) but all this Tempest, which fell upon you, was prepar'd and design'd for me. And, to shew you my resentment of it, I have a Sister at home, a wholsom Country Girl, whom (with my Father's Leave) I here offer you for a Wife.

Sir Arth. Thank ye heartily, Sir; No, I am very well provided already: Look ye here else. [Pointing to Julia.]

Pereg. Pray, Sir, let me prevent your falling into farther mistakes, which may prove dangerous to you; I can assure you, this Lady is no Wife for you. She's Town bred, and after she's marry'd must live in London, which is a place in many respects very inconvenient for you. By the virtue of strong Beer, and Fourteen hundred a Year, you may do very well in the Country, and pass for an honest substantial man amongst your Neighbours; and stand for Burgesses in the next Election.

Single. What can his meaning be in this?

[Apart.]

Sir Arth. Pish, pish: Keep your good Counsel to your self, and your Sister too. I can't but wonder at the confidence of People; every body now adays takes upon him to be my Governor.

Wary. *Mr. Peregine*, (methinks) y'are very forward, and positive in ordering matters, which concern you not. Y'are to know, that a Treaty of Marriage is already fixt between *Sir Arthur* and my Daughter; The Writings are actually drawing: And will you, that are a Stranger, and not called to Counsel, interpose in a Business of this Nature?

Pereg. Sir, when you know my reason for it, I hope I shall not deserve your Censure. This *Mr. Single*, and your Daughter (to my certain knowledge) are mutually engaged to one another; and there wants nothing but your Consent to make 'em both happy.

Wary. Yes, Faith, there wants an Estate too.

Pereg. 'Tis true; but, when that want's remov'd, your Consent must follow.

follow. Now, Sir, it has pleas'd Heaven to put the power in my hands of serving my Friend on this important occasion. Behold an absolute Gift and Conveiance of his Fathers Estate upon my *Betty*; Here, Sir, I give it you freely: And what in Law shall be farther requir'd for the Confirmation of it from *Betty* and me, shall be done hereafter.

Single. I stand amaz'd at my own happiness! Nor can I determine, whether this strange Revolution, or your Generosity, have more of Miracle in it.

Julia to Wary. Now, Sir, give me leave to own an Engagement to this Gentleman, which the fear of displeasing you has hitherto made me conceal.

Wary. I dare not resist the will of Heaven, which shews it self in the wonderful turn of Affairs, which this day has produc'd. Daughter, enjoy your Love; and my Blessing go along with it.

Sir Arth. Now have I brought my Hogs to a fair Market: I take other mens beatings upon my self, and they take my Mistresses to themselves.

Pereg. Sir *Arthur*, you need not be unprovided, if you please, my Sister is still at your service.

Sir Arthur. I vow I could find in my heart to Marry her out of spight: then will I be reveng'd by Proxy; and make her bones feel, what mine have suffered for you.

Pereg. For all this, I'll venture her Person, if you'll venture yours.

Sir Arthur. Say you so? Faith if I like her when I see her, (upon the foresaid terms) have at her.

Pereg. Why so now; here's a Match begins in anger, and who knows but it may end in love; since most of those that I have been acquainted with, begin in Love, and end in War.

Wary. All our business being so happily concluded, 'tis time —

Alice. No indeed, Sir; My business is yet to do. Methinks, e're the Market break up, some Provision should be made for me too.

Ralph. In troth, now she talks of Provision, I begin to grow hungry too. Faith, Mistress, I see when your Belly's full, you care not what becomes of the Waiters.

Alice. We stuck close to you all the time of your Wooing; and sure they that tend the Roste, deserve one warm bit off o'th' Spit.

Ralph. I never turn'd the Spit in my Life, but I was allow'd my Sop in the Dripping-pan.

Pereg. I protest, *Betty*, thy old Servants have just cause of Complaint against thee. Come *Alice*; give me thy hand: And, *Betty*, do you take *Ralph*; and let's join 'em together. These two were cut out (Bodies and Souls) for one another.

Alice. I shall never love that slobbering fellow there: An he were but half so handfom, as your Worship —

Ralph cringes, and looks amorously on Mrs. Betty, and Alice doth the same to Peregreen.

Ralph. Pretty sweet Mistress (to confess the truth) when I look up-
on you, that greasie Wench turns my Stomach.

Single.

Single. This must needs be an happy Match ; they meet with such equal affection.

Pereg. At first hunting, like Whelps newly enter'd, they'r apt to change ; but, when they'r well flesht, they'l grow stanch.

Betty. Honest *Ralph*, you must not be so squemish : I can assure you, *Alice* deserves every inch of you.

Pereg. Come *Alice* ; of all thy kindness to me, I here make a Deed of Gift to *Ralph*.

Ralph and Alice joins Hands together.

Ralph. What must be, must be. Hunger makes any thing go down.

Alice. For my part, I declare, 'tis a Match of my Friends making ; and, if it do otherwise then well, let them answer for it.

Wary. This being done, we must now consider these Gentlemen, who have been Travellers to day. We'l execute to morrow, what this night has concluded, to the satisfaction of all Parties, except Sir *Salomon Single* ;

Whose disappointed Stratagems advise,
To shun the dangerous Sin of being too Wise :
For, as Extremes on Globes at last must touch,
So Wit in Folly centers, when too much.
Love Changes Natures order : in his School
The young are Wise ; The old Man is the Fool.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE

Since Stealing's grown a pretty thriving Trade,
Which many Rich, but few has guilty made;
To needy Poets, Why should you deny
The Priviledge to Steal, as well as Lye?
Their Theft (alas) swells not the Nation's Debt,
Nor makes Wine dear, nor will Land-Tax beget.
Money they always wanted; Now they grow
No less in Fancy, than in Fortune, low;
And are compell'd to rook, as Gamesters are,
That can hold out no longer on the Square.

Faith, be good natur'd to this hungry Crew,
Who, what they filch abroad, bring home to you.
But still exclude those Men from all Relief,
Who Steal themselves, yet boldly cry, Stop Thief:
Like taking Judges, these without Remorse
Condemn all petty Thefts, and praise worse;
As if they Robb'd by Patent, and alone
Had right to call each Foreign Play their own.

What we have brought before you, was not meant
For a new Play, but a new President;
For we with Modesty our Theft avow,
(There is some Conscience us'd in stealing too)
And openly Declare, that if our Cheer
Does hit your Palates, you must Thank Moliere:
Moliere, the Famous Shakspear of this Age,
Both when he Writes, and when he treads the Stage.
I hope this stranger's Praise gives no pretence
To charge us with a National Offence;
Since, were it in my Power, I would advance
French Wit in England, English Arms in France.

FINIS

